

S L A V E R Y :

Or, THE TIMES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
MONMOUTH, THE DANISH MASSACRE, &c.

Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud
— How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery.—

———— Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious pow'rs
Which form the soul of happiness, and all
Is off the poise within. The passions all
Have burst their bounds.—
Even love itself is bitterness of soul.

• THOMSON'S SEASONS.

V O L. II.

Mr and Mrs John Ellis Mace.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.XCII.



SLAVERY:

Or, THE TIMES.

*Miss HAMILTON to Miss St. LEGER, in
continuation.*

A SLIGHT fever, which attended my brother, prevented the information I so ardently desired to receive. On his recovery, he ordered Clarence into his room, who opened a wonderful scene of suspected iniquity.

He began with a retrospect of that unfortunate engagement which proved so fatal to your noble parents, and describes, with simple energy, his distress, when fruitlessly searching the field of battle for the body of his deceased master. For

VOL. II. B three

three days his endeavours were vain, and he was returning through a wood, in deep dejection, when he passed a groupe of those women who, in defiance of every motive compassion might induce, were sharing the spoils of the sanguine field. He viewed them attentively for several minutes, when one of them produced something tied up in a cambric handkerchief, which, after clearing of its contents, they asked him to purchase. He took it, and in one corner were the initials G. S. L. Eager to be satisfied, and trembling for the result of his enquiries, he begged to look at the shining things they had taken out. "Oh! madam, (said he,) they indulged me. But what did I feel at the sight of the general's watch, gorget, and sash, with Mrs. St. Leger's picture, and his name round the outside at full length! Alas! I could not buy them, and only brought away the handkerchief,



“chief, which I will never part with but
“to my sweet young lady,”

He then shewed me the precious relic,
which I am not ashamed to say, received
the tears of both.

“See, madam, see, (he cried,) these
“sacred drops, solemn proofs of that cou-
“rage which proved his ruin. Often have
“I washed these crimson spots with
“streams of anguish, but they still re-
“main.”

When he enquired of these wretches
from whence they gleaned the valuable
spoils, they readily answered they gained
them by violence from another party,
who they supposed had taken them from the
body of an officer.—This was conviction
enough, and he then sought no farther,
but made the best of his way to Port-
Royal. I then enquired what he knew of
Abrams.

“Too much! Too much! (he answer-
“ed.)—I have known him many years,

4 S L A V E R Y : O R ,

“ and was excessively troubled to see him
“ a visitor in my master’s family. Judge,
“ sir, and you, madam, if I had not rea-
“ son. He was a petty-agent in the ar-
“ my, and, by dint of assurance, and the
“ possession of a little money, with which
“ he occasionally supplied such of our of-
“ ficers as had occasion for it, gained
“ consequence enough to be admitted
“ into company who detested the prin-
“ ciples they were obliged to wink at.”

“ Often would he question me as to the
“ situation of the general’s family and cir-
“ cumstances; and, (it is with shame I must
“ acknowledge my weakness,) he too often
“ took advantage of it, when I was de-
“ prived by liquor of my usual reserve.—In
“ one of those intoxicated moments, I
“ was so far off my guard as to boast my
“ possession of the general’s will, which,
“ on the report of an ensuing battle, he
“ had too hastily entrusted to me, as also
“ a duplicate of it unsigned. Abrams now
“ became

“ became more attached to me than before ; and, on the eve of that memorable day, which decided the general’s fate, after I had quitted my noble master, he came to my lodging. Under pretence of drinking success to the American troops, he found means, (as I have too much reason to suppose,) to work me up to his purpose, by contradicting the information I had before given, saying, he was certain, whatever opinion my master might have of my integrity, he could never carry it so high as to give me such an important trust. Warm with liquor, and hurt at his base suspicion, I imprudently took the parcel from the chest, shewed him the seals which fastened the cover, of the *real* will,—and —never saw it afterwards !—But, even to this day, I dare not positively charge him with the theft, as, in the succeeding confusion, I lost many other things, but happily the duplicate was safe.”

6 S L A V E R Y : O R ,

Here I interrupted him, to ask why he did not give this duplicate to Mrs. St. Leger. " It might, (he feared,) have " added to the pain she then endured ; " and, as she seemed fully established in " the estates and fortune of her noble husband, he did not conceive it essential to " her own safety, till the hour in which he " beheld Abrams admitted as an intimate " friend, and himself rejected."

A thousand suspicions now darted into his mind ; and, upon his going to a servant of your mother's, she gave him such an account of Abrams's power as convinced him there was a dreadful fraud practised somewhere. For several succeeding mornings, he attended the gate of his revered mistress, but was always denied the sight both of you and her, which so harrassed his perplexed mind as to produce a violent disorder on the spirits. This terminated in the deprivation of his senses, which held till you had left the island.

Soon

Soon after recovering his health, he determined to follow you to England; and it was by mere accident he discovered you, on the day you first saw him in London, when he says he was passing in a coach from his lodging to the Bank, where he was commissioned to receive some cash for his landlord who was indisposed.—That he knew you immediately, and the sight of Abrams behind you deprived him of the prudence necessary on such an occasion.

Thus far my dear proceeded poor Clarence. How useful this intelligence may prove depends upon future circumstances. My brother has been favoured with legal opinion from high authority, which affords him every encouragement to hope, though nothing can at present be decided.

July 3.

This cunning Abrams! My brother returned this evening to Hampton. He went to the Commons to examine the will.

8 SLAVERY: OR,

It was signed by two names obscure enough, but the third is that of a very respectable planter, whom my brother clearly remembers to have seen when he was in Jamaica; and that his principles dignified his situation still more than the gentility of his connections.—Clarance was rather struck at the sight of a name which carries such authenticity, and confesses he was extremely intimate with the general.—We have only then one resource. Will you not love my brother, when I tell you he means, (if this gentleman be not come to England, which he intended,) to take a trip in one of his own ships to America? not being willing to trust a matter of such importance to a letter. Adieu, my love. write directly, and let me know how Mrs. Abrams approves sea-bathing.—Patience and strength possess her guides!

LOUISA HAMILTON,

To

To Miss HAMILTON, from Miss ST. LEGER.

Church-Field, Margate, July 8.

OH! stop the dear benevolent man.
—He must not go, indeed.—I should never experience a moment's felicity, should any accident, through my means, deprive you of such a brother. I am sure my uncle would be miserable as myself, were such an event to take place.
—He has written to me, from Exeter, a sweet paternal letter, but all the charming scenes they continually behold on their journey are totally insufficient to remove his pupil's dejection.—Poor young man! he deceives himself.—The tears he places to a father's loss have other sources.
—No matter.—It is a pity!—though I hardly know what I write.

Your concluding intelligence alarms, affects, and yet painfully delights! But
oh!

oh ! that handkerchief ! Stained perhaps with the sacred blood of a father !—Ah ! madam, how has my soul dwelt with horror upon that shocking transaction ! Till now, a soft gleam of hope animated my wishes, but, alas ! it vanishes like the autumnal films with the light breezes of noon.—What monsters ! And are they women ? Cruel sacrilege ! What, rob the dead !

It is fit that painful meditation should fill the melancholy pause.

July 10.

Tell my friend, my kind second parent, he shall not quit England on my account. What danger can attend a letter ? If the gentleman disowns the signature, will not this man be culpable enough to justify a prosecution ?

Do not ask my opinion of Margate, the invariable routine of amusement here differs but little I apprehend from that of Brighton, unless we except destructive gambling,

gambling, which is not altogether so suitable to the quality of the company. The convenience of a boarding-house is not without exceptions, likewise. How often am I made to blush for the vulgarity of Mr. Abrams and his wife! But his behaviour to-day is extremely unaccountable. We were just seated to tea, when the stage set down another boarder, whom it was evident Mrs. Hawding expected. When the little confusion his entrance had caused subsided, he joined conversation with the air of a man who had travelled and knew the world.—His address was genteel; his dress fashionable, but neat; his person tall, but graceful. I know not whether the dejection I could not hide was a call upon his pity, but he singled me out with that delicate attention which marks the gentleman.—The ghastly stare and inward execration which Abrams received him with was unnoticed, I imagine, by all but myself.—But when Mr. Sealy was removing
ing

ing a chair which stood between us, my ungracious guardian roughly pulled it from him, and sat down himself. A smile of disdain passed from Mr. Sealy's countenance. It was infectious, went round, but stopped with Mrs. Abrams, who, swelling at the visible neglect her husband met with, haughtily quitted the room, followed by her offended partner. My face glowed even to a degree of pain, and I felt tears rising to my eyes. "Will you retire with me, my dear Miss St. Leger?" said the confederate Mrs. Hawding.

Mr. Sealy started.—"Forgive me, ladies, (he cried, taking my hand,) but surely—it must be.—Tell me, do I not now behold a daughter of the noble St. St. Leger?"

"General St. Leger?" asked I, in a trembling voice.

"The same, madam?"

• Yes

"Yes, I am that most unhappy orphan."
—My emotion was extreme, and, unable to make any apology to the friend of my deceased father, I was supported to my room.—After undergoing an impertinent lecture from my rude companion, (who came up at the request of our kind landlady,) I was permitted to resume my only pleasing employment.

Astonishing! I am summoned this moment to quit my pen! A chaise is at the door! Mrs. Abrams in the next room absolutely forcing on her great coat! Could but my dear Miss Hamilton take a view of her, as she stands before the glass! A small white beaver covers a gauze handkerchief that surrounds her temples.—Broad gold band.—Long black feathers.—Enormous neckcloth.—And York-flame sash.

Coming, madam. Adieu, dearest lady,

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

Mr.

Mr. ABRAMS to Mrs. ABRAMS.

MY DEAR, *Dunkirk, July 12.*

BE careful of the goods consigned to your hands. Do not let her stir from you. Above all, keep her from the *Hambletons*. — If Mr. Berisford comes, watch him. — He's a deep-one. — Remember what I told you about Sealy. — Send the small *portmantle* with my every day cloathes and some linen. But be sure don't forget the *owld* black pocket-book, that's in the iron chest under the bed. Your loving husband,

S. ABRAMS.

Miss ST. LEGER to Miss HAMILTON.

Spital-Fields, July 13.

WHAT can this mystery portend?
Dear madam, read the above inelegant epistle, which Mrs. Abrams dropped

ped in taking out her pocket handkerchief last night.—Is it not strange?—A visitor, Ellen?—Mr. Sealy. . . .

It was indeed, Mr. Sealy, the valuable friend of my beloved parent. How tenderly he soothed! how delicately he sympathised! and how attentively he listened to my melancholy story! While we were thus mournfully engaged, Mrs. Abrams returned, and could scarcely be civil. Surely these people's behaviour is every day more perplexing.—I was hurried from Margate, without any visible reason; and, while we were flying to London, my guardian was wafted to Dunkirk.—He cannot suspect Clarence. But I will dispatch these notes and wait, forgive me, if I add impatiently, for your opinion. Adieu.

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Hampton, July 15.

DO not be alarmed, my love.—The men who are commissioned to search the villain's house are charged to give you no disturbance. Come to me immediately. Mrs. Abrams dare not controul you; and, should she be impertinent, Mr. Sealy, who gives you this, will readily silence her.

My brother set out last night for Dunkirk. He is indefatigable in the cause of oppressed goodness.—Could you have supposed this identical Mr. Sealy's name was fixed upon by Abrams as sufficient to authenticate his baseness? But I lose time.—Yes, you will *certainly pass next winter in Finsbury-Square*. What now can add to my felicity but the happiness of your beloved Adolphus? Once more, come immediately to your

LOUISA HAMILTON.

To Mr. HAWKINS from Miss ST. LEGER.

Hampton, August 11.

JOY to my revered uncle. No longer shall guilt's contracted brow lower upon his fairer prospect. Serenely bright shall set his declining sun.—While, happy in his sacred protection, his Mary Ann will smile at those formidable clouds which once obscured her every hope.

Will you not think me somewhat romantic? What wonder, if the overflowings of ardent gratitude should produce expressions bordering upon a weakness I have sometimes reprehended in others? Yes, my beloved friend, the hopes my last letter * mentioned are fully completed, and I am now rejoicing in the society of my excellent Miss Hamilton.—Are you not anxious to know by what means my felicity

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* This letter does not appear.

city has been so suddenly established? Oh! my uncle, *you* can properly and piously attribute these blessings to that source from which, in the darkest scenes, you have drawn consolation. Certainly the following elucidation of my fate, once so mysterious, will justify the sweet dependence you have so often boasted.

The sudden and unaccountable resolution of my guardian to visit Dunkirk I attributed to some unexpected business, nor did our hasty departure from Margate occasion any particular anxiety in your niece. Every place was equally disgusting while condemned either to blush for the loquacious blunders of Mrs. Abrams, or tormented with the continual bickerings of them both. But judge my amazement, on the 15th of this month, when, as we were taking our tea, *sweetened* with its usual mixture of the good lady's reflections on her absent husband, a loud knocking interrupted her sarcastical remarks,

marks, and she changed the subject to that of Mark Anthony's tardiness in answering the door, who entered with an intent to announce our visitors, the foremost of whom pushed him aside, and, with an air as if he were exercising his politeness on his own premises, begged the gentlemen his followers to walk forward.—I arose, terrified at the exhibition of manners rather too ferocious to be pleasing.—“Sit still, young lady, (said the speaker.)” “Don't be afraid. We are not going to be rude to any body if they are not troublesome.—So madam, (to Mrs. Abrams,) be pleased for to give up your keys.”

He was going on, when she *bounced*, (so I must call it,) from her chair, loudly screaming, “Fire! Thieves! Rogues! House-breakers!” And, seizing poor Mark Anthony by his throat, as he stood gaping with fear,—“It is you, you villain,

“ have done this. Robbed! Ruined!
“ Murdered in broad daylight!” Then,
falling on her knees, “ Oh! gentlemen,
“ dear good gentlemen, pity a poor crea-
“ ture!—Here, take all I have.”

Cannot you suppose my extreme joy
when, interrupting herself, she cried,
“ Oh! there’s Mr. *Hambleton’s* carriage.”
And then, running to the door, unopposed
by the men, as they seemed actually pe-
trified by her wild vagaries, she caught
hold of Mr. Sealy, who was just stepping
from the coach.—“ Save me, (she cried.)
“ We shall be murdered, robbed, ruined,
“ and undone!—They are now in the
“ house!—That black dog, Anthony, let
“ them in.—I dare say he’s in the secret.—
“ I shall have every thing *confiscated*.” I
had followed her into the passage, and be-
held Mr. Sealy, with a constrained smile,
shake her off. “ Be not alarmed, my
“ dear creature, (said he to me.) Read this
“ note, and then prepare to go with me.”

“ Most

“ Most joyfully, sir, (I answered, after
“ perusing a friendly invitation from
“ Miss Hamilton,) I am ready this mo-
“ ment.”

“ No but you don’t, miss.—Why you
“ would not surely leave me to the mercy
“ of these thief-taking *vagrants*! Do
“ pray, Mr. Seeler, send them about their
“ business. When you are gone I shall be
“ stripped to the skin. I dare say they
“ won’t leave me any thing at all.”

Her agitation would have excited the
pity of any one; but the extreme eager-
ness with which she was endeavouring to
convey a gold necklace and pair of ear-
rings into her pocket, so strongly marked
this womans character as superceded
every idea of commiseration.

“ You are mistaken, madam, (replied
“ that gentleman,) as to the motive of
“ these people’s visit. You must be pa-
“ tient. They have a warrant to search
“ your house.”

“ *Search my house!* (with a look of in-
C 3 credulous

“credulous astonishment,) why I have
 “got no *countryband* goods, no, nor yet
 “*stolen* ones, Mr. *Seeler*!—Let ’em touch
 “a lock if they dare, Mr. *Seeler*. No
 “*superannuated justices* runners shall lay a
 “finger on my property.”

“*Runners*! madam. Better language,
 “if you please, to the king’s officers.
 “*Runners*, truly! We shall soon let you
 “see it is *your* business to be quiet, and
 “not *run* on in this manner,” said one of
 the strangers.

Here Mr. Sealy, giving me his hand,
 entreated I would leave this scene of con-
 fusion, and Ellen might take my orders
 as to what I would chuse her to bring af-
 ter me—“ “Bear witness, (exclaimed the
 “frantic mortal,) bear witness, she’s an
 “heiress, Mark Anthony! What does
 “the fool shake so for?—Bear witness, I
 “say—Oh! but he’s in the plot as well
 “as the rest.—Ay, ay, I see how it is.—
 “You are all concerned in it.—But I’m
 “not so easily *timidated*.”

“What,

“What, then, you do not chuse to part
“with this young lady without higher au-
“thority?” said my protector. He then
went to the carriage, and instantly returned
with two gentleman, one of whom immediately
produced an order from the lord chancellor
for my deliverance from Abrams. This was
proof positive, and she could only mutter
future vengeance against all who had any
hand in this *willainous* affair.

We have since been informed she was
so exceedingly troublesome to the men, in
the execution of their office, that compassion
to their own ears induced them to shut
her up in her little parlour, taking a
respectable neighbour to accompany them
in their examination. In the course of it
they discovered a superb piece of my
father's family plate, with his arms and
cypher richly engraved. And this I find
was the ground they went upon in
executing a warrant drawn upon the
supposition of receiving

receiving stolen goods. But what was of higher importance to our cause, was the existence of some letters, written by a pettifogging lawyer, containing an exact draft of the false will, with full instructions how to secure his infamous client in his illegal possession. One, in particular, congratulated him upon his success in so fortunately intercepting my father's letters written to my mother, which she never received. Vile fellow ! how I detest him ! These infamous epistles were dated from Philadelphia. In a bureau were found several others, of a more modern date, from my gambling admirer, in the true jockey stile, promising a noble gratuity to the conscientious Abrams for his interest with me, if successful.

Oh ! my dear sir, keep, if possible, the poor deluded Adolphus from that wretched fellow and his colleagues. It would be an afflicting circumstance to that young man's friends to see so much integrity, generosity,

generosity, and nobleness of soul, sacrificed to a horrid combination. You know, my uncle, *I* can only feel through the medium of his admiring protectors for his deviation from virtue. To them I cannot be explicit, though it is the only subject which justifies my reserve to the amiable Miss Hamilton;—to you I may. —There *is* a girl.—But you have heard of Miss Lestock.—Why are high advantages given, if they lead but to destruction? Depend upon this, my intelligence is certain. All the amiable qualities of your pupil will be sacrificed to his unbounded benevolence. That girl acts but as an agent in the cause of villainy.—Watch, then, I entreat you, the devoted victim. He loves the snake which will sting him to the heart. He is already entangled. Protract your tour. It is the only chance you have for preserving the remaining excellencies of your Adolphus. For *your* sake

I tremble. — But it is for yours, our friends, and virtue's sake *only*.

To return. — Mr. Sealy and Mr. Hamilton both agree in supposing Abrams shewed his usual cunning in not acting under the general's will during the remainder of my dear mother's life, who possessed spirit and discrimination, while in tolerable health, to have resisted every exertion of his power. They are determined to strain every effort to bring this precious guardian to justice.—He staid but one night at Dunkirk, and Mr. Hamilton, who pursued him as far as Ghent, was always a post behind him. Two of the gentlemen who signed the *real* will are now in England. We have seen them. They declare it was executed only ten days before the fatal battle, and that the general expressed the highest attachment to his wife's only brother, whose rectitude and piety he thought the surest pledges for the performance of a will which gave him
such

such a complete executorial power. These gentlemen, who commanded in one regiment, happily escaped the carnage of the day, and, after various difficulties, recovered part of their property, which they brought hither.

We have now, then, sufficient ground to go upon, and the good lord chancellor makes no difficulty of consigning me to the care of that beloved uncle whose necessary absence is so well supplied by Mr. Hamilton.

Adieu, dear and worthy sir.—Your presence is ardently desired by us all; but that we cannot at present enjoy it, is a source of regret to your dutifully affectionate

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

*To Miss ST. LEGER, from the Rev. Mr.
HAWKINS.*

Harrowgate, September 1.

NOW, then, my child, are the sanguine wishes of your uncle fulfilled,

fulfilled. I shall behold you under the protection of virtue and benevolence. No more shall my soul mourn, in the deepest affliction, your comfortless prospects. With a delighted satisfaction, should it please heaven to curtail my days, shall I leave you possessed of friends who are an honour to Christianity. I do not indeed forget our sad and mournful parting ; but consolation was not withheld. Its rays pierced the darkness of despair. I was desolate. *My troubles were enlarged.* But I looked up ; I asked assistance ; and it was not denied.

You have heard that, contrary to my father's intention, I made my election in favour of the church, and refused the lucrative offer of a large farm, to obtain a proper degree of learning as a servitor in Christ's college, Oxford, where I was patronized by your father's younger brother, through whose interest I was promoted to a curacy, which produced but thirty pounds

pounds per annum. After twenty years strict and laborious duty, I gave up the cure, and procured the appointment to Canada. But you know not perhaps that the little money I took out with me insensibly wasted, and that the worthy creatures I endeavoured to convert supported me from their own scanty pittance. Yet I despaired not. Though disappointed of an expected legacy, I was not impatient; and behold the blessed result !

Dearest Mary Ann, I know the delicacy of your mind. You are offended with Adolphus. — Why? — Were Berisford in danger from an attachment to this unhappy girl, should you be so earnest in his cause? — But I have said enough. — Esteem, respect, nay even *love*, this Adolphus. He is worthy of every distinction.

I am quite of your opinion respecting the utility of his absence from town, though I fear neither Berisford nor any of his clan. — Travelling through countries
so

so replete with natural wonders exhilarates the spirits. His are amazingly recovered. the Peak of Derby, Chatsworth House, the iron mines, Manchester Canal, a stupendous work of art, stand foremost in our observations; and the ennui which unavoidably attends a still life can find no indulgence with us; so that I doubt not but Mr. Hamilton will, on our return, congratulate his ward on his amended looks, and encreasing cheerfulness. As we do not stay long in one town you will suppose our tour has been rather extensive. Take a plan of the remainder. From Harrowgate north and to Newcastle upon Tyne; back again along the coast through Norfolk and Suffolk; and home by the way of Essex.—My good friend, in his last letter, speaks of his intention to meet us at Cambridge. Be it at your peril to let Miss Hamilton, (who likewise intends to honour us,) come without you. I will be the guardian of your dignity;
and

and will just add, the only moments Adolphus dedicates to melancholy are those in which he meditates on the cold contents of your last note to him, excepting the time he passes in mourning the uncertainty of his noble father's fate.—Be happy, my sweet girl, in the possession of as much *real* felicity as can be wished you by your tenderly affectionate

RICHARD HAWKINS.

FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq. to Mr. LE-*
STOCK.

October 8.

GULLED by a mere novice.—Taken in by a blubbering boy.—Coolly, artfully, and cautiously, had I laid my snares; baited them with honesty, charity, and the *innocent* affection of a once blooming girl. All ready to spring, but the match was applied one moment too too late. The bird's flown. Has been
absent

absent some time, accompanied by the old one. Gone to tax waiter's bills, find fault with the provisions, scold the post-boys, admire fine prospects, and swear—no, the puritans are frightened at that certain mark of a bold spirit.—Zounds, I have no patience.—Money must be had.—Another fall of timber will not be sufficient.—All the world will be at Newmarket.—Bet upon bet. I have taken four to five, ten to six, three to two, refused nothing. Something must turn up. I'm at my last stake. Fairly distanced. Out-done by a bar's length. That old rascal Abrams, too! They are up to him. All's discovered. No hopes of the proud West-Indian. She is now secured by the same trammels that shackled the African phoenix.—All's over there.—Poor Sally!—But there is one chance yet in her favour, though none in mine. Pushed to the utmost. Tatterfal, Hatchet, Langhorne, all upon me!—Let me reflect.—Curse reflection.—

flection.—And yet — only twenty-four !
 Full health, noble heart, but *empty purse*.
 —“ Tom, bring my boots.” — No, I can’t
 ride. — “ What’s the play ? ” — “ The Road
 “ to Ruin, fir.” — How the dog grinn’d !
 But I’ve kicked him down stairs. —
 That author’s a knave ; he lays too
 many temptations in his “ Road ” for
 such honest fellows as me to shun. I
 want cash. — That plaguy barometer of
 a generous fellow’s spirits is below the
 freezing-point with me ! — It’s a fine morn-
 ing. — Had a father, too. — And many a
 tear. — But the comparison comes too
 near. — What’s this ? — A book ? — The
 Gamesters. — What business have the
wenches to exercise their *imagination* upon
 such things ? — Let them keep to the nee-
 dle, and leave the pen to us *genuses*. — I’ll
 drop in at Brookes’s : — One, two, three,
 seven, hundred deep there ; and my cre-
 ditors paltry waiters ! No harm in chous-
 ing them, surely. — Wine, here. Some
 claret. — ’Twon’t do. Muddy as the
 Vol. II. D what

34 S L A V E R Y : O R ,

what d'ye call it? Seine,—French river.—
 Champagne, dead as uncorked small
 beer.—Humble port, no brightness; dull,
 cold, and insipid.—Ah! welcome, friend
 Barry.—Newmarket for ever, boy.—Hang
 melancholy, drown reflection, and kill
 care.—And now I'm my own man again.
 And so farewell.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

P. S. Let me see, what's all this con-
 founded rhodomontade intended for?—
 Oh! the rents, Old Skinflint.—Must raise
 the wind against next Thursday.—Am go-
 ing down in my phaëton; six long-tailed
 bays.—Only upon trial.—Barry says they
 are bottom. Rise only six years old.
 Must have 'em if the things prove
 staunch.—The ponies are quite done up.
 Remember the 15th.—Money! money!
 or,—Destruction.

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq.* from Mr.
LESTOCK:

Molsey-Hurst, October 10.

WHAT can I do, your honour? The oaks are but of ten years growth, and are nobody's purchase. Mr. Martin says they will not pay felling and carriage. And, as for your tenants, several of them have given warning to quit, and your honour knows none of them owe more than three months.—For my part, have not twenty pounds in hand.—My daughter too is so unhappy.—But she won't tell me why. She is extremely desirous of visiting Newmarket; but to what purpose? Though I have heard, indeed, the prince Adolphus is to be there. To be sure, *he* is rich; but a word to the wife is enough.—Sally says, she thinks he likes her too; but she has no opportunity of seeing him.—Do pray, your honour, think a little

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what

what you are about.—If the mortgage is not paid off it will be foreclosed, and it would be a great pity to lose such a good farm. However, I'll do what I can to supply your present exigence;—perhaps you may have better luck. In which hope I remain your most dutiful servant.

D. LESTOCK.

*From FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. to Mr.
LESTOCK.*

Epping, December 12.

CAN you keep a secret, old boy? But what a needless question.—We have all the honours in our own hands.—A golden mine this Adolphus! —Oh! the brainless worm, to set himself against the knowing-ones. — How the puritans will stare! The proud West-Indian too! Gentle soul, I doubt she must content herself with a humbler lot than that of governing the African savages.—Sally is in high spirits. No wonder

der.—Harkee, Lestock ; get a list of my creditors ; bespeak an elegant dinner at the *London* ;—I will meet them there on the 21st. The demure dogs ; I wish it was over.—Circulate a report that I had thoughts of leaving this detestable island, (you safely may,) but that—confound it, you must string together some canting proverbs, such as “ Wild oats,” “ Never too late to mend,” interlarded with honour, probity, justice, and what you please, to put them in good-humour, and then—propose a composition.—Let me see ; ten shillings in the pound ;—they will be glad to take it of such a ’scape-grace.—Mind your cue ; a grave face ; shaking your noddle with the air of a plodding old cit, when you visit them upon this business. Do you know that, if I had any conscience, I should not scruple to fling these cent. per cent. rascals, with their long bills, double charges, and sage remarks upon the follies they have neither spirit nor youth to indulge.—

D 3

dulge.—I can write no more. Captain Barry comes to tell me, the phaëton is ready. I am just going to try the mettle of my bays against colonel W's greys. Several bets are made upon this business. We start from Epping turnpike, ten miles for 200 guineas. Wish me luck; and now farewell, Old Trusty.

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To A. HAMILTON, Esq. from the Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS.

Bury St. Edmunds, December 14.

LOST, lost, Adolphus! In every sense of the word, lost, ruined, and betrayed!—I am distracted.—I fear the impetuosity of his passions have driven him to some deed of desperation.—Oh that remorseless villain! He is deep in this mischief.—My generous, credulous, rash, Adolphus! Oh! sir, he is gone; but where, who can tell? and yet perhaps
he

he may have fled to Hampton.—William is on horseback to carry this to town.—I will close.—Grant, good heaven, he may bring the only intelligence that can relieve my tortured soul. Oh! the kind Miss Hamilton! My poor niece!—And the yet more wretched

RICHARD HAWKINS.

Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS to A. HAMILTON, Esq.

December 10.

WHAT on earth can equal a state of suspense? Nothing but the most dreaded certainty, and even that is in some degree preferable. But I forget how anxious you must be for the particulars of an event which yet is involved in confusion and darkness.

The cheerful observations of Adolphus on the different scenes we daily admired confirmed me in the belief of

his recovered tranquility, and every sigh his bosom swelled with I attributed to causes possibly removable; but, as the day approached which we were made to hope would be happily distinguished by your family's arrival at Newmarket, I perceived he fell into frequent reveries; and, when I turned the conversation on the expected bustle of the races, he appeared disgusted with the theme.—That he had, during the last month, received several letters, I well knew; but his absolute silence on that subject gave me but little disturbance, as I suspected him not of holding any blameable correspondence.—On the evening previous to the commencement of those diversions, after I had missed him for several hours, Sambo returned.—With his hands spread, “Oh! sir, my master he walk with one
 “pretty wife.—She cry.—He wipe her
 “sweet eye.—She cry again.—Then he
 “cry.—And so I cry too.”

I was

I was alarmed, and immediately went in pursuit of the deluded youth; but, seeing him coming down the street, his arms folded, and head hanging upon his bosom, I withdrew unseen. When he entered the parlour, "You have been weeping, Adolphus."—He smiled and turned from me.—"What has caused those tears, my young friend?"

"Tears, sir!" He smiled again, but quenched the forced sunshine with a deluge of sorrow.

"My dear Adolphus, (said I,) wherefore this anguish?"

"Excuse me, sir.—Have I not recently lost a parent?"

The poor lad, to descend so low!—My heart bled for him. But, foolishly neglecting, through false tenderness, the wound I should have probed, I suffered him to escape without farther question. The next morning he expressed a desire to mount a very fine horse, the steadiness of which our
landlord

landlord pledged his honour for. I was reluctant, Adolphus eager, and the landlord pressing. But, unwilling to depart from the plan I had ever adopted, (which is to be the friend rather than the governor,) I gave consent.

When the day's sport was over, I saw my pupil return amidst a concourse of people; and, to my utter disgust, he was accompanied by the detested Berisford, who seemed deeply engaged in chat with a young woman gaily habited. She rode with spirit, and, passing by our inn, where Adolphus stopped, bid him adieu with a tender smile. I saw he was rather flushed, and seemed delighted with the day's sport, often declaring he would not have been absent from the course for any consideration. "I hope (said I) you will have better company to-morrow, Adolphus."

"Better company, sir!"

"Nay, do not blush. I only mean Miss St. Leger and her guardian's." All his gaiety

gaiety was checked in a moment. His complexion changed; and, complaining of fatigue, he ordered Sambo to follow him to his chamber.—It was a delicate point. Contradiction might irritate where compliance should assuage. Thus argued the feelings of a misguided indulgence; and, totally blind to the impending ruin, I madly complied with his second request to go upon the course, but sent to every inn for a chaise, after he was gone, with intent to keep a watchful eye upon his actions. The servant returned without success, and I was unavoidably obliged to compound with my wishes to attend him, as a slight touch of the gout rendered every attempt to walk impossible.

Need I say the hours dragged heavily along?—When day closed I grew extremely uneasy, and commissioned Sambo to make every enquiry respecting the poor youth. The faithful creature did not come back till eleven o'clock, and then, opening
the

the door abruptly, he rushed forwards drenched with rain, which had fallen the whole evening in great abundance. Alas! I was most affectingly employed. He discovered it, and, coming up to me, passed his cold black hand across my eyes, with such a look of pity!—"Oh! my master, "don't cry.—Me found him.—He is so "safe.—He laugh, sing, jump, and "I laugh, sing, jump, too."

"But where is he, Sambo?"

"Down street.—Great house.—All over "light."

"Laugh, sing, and jump? Sambo. I "am confounded.—Come with me this "moment." Alas, Mr. Hamilton, I forgot my lameness, forgot the rain, every thing, but the safety of Adolphus, and, taking Sambo with me, went to the inn he had described. Oh! sir, in a small back room was the dear unfortunate, so completely inebriated as to forfeit the respect he had never but once lost sight of
for

for his tutor. I will not dwell upon this hateful scene any longer than to say, that in answer to my most pressing entreaties to retire—he—struck me! This was too much. I went up to Berisford, who, with another gentleman of the turf, seemed to enjoy my distress, conveying their satisfaction by winks, nods, and grins, and, seizing him by the collar, told him, if he kept that deluded young man one moment longer, he should answer for it in a manner he would not like. The pitiful coward, after making some wretched excuse, attempted to persuade the unhappy *maniac* (for such he seemed) to go home with me. He stared wildly stupid upon us; but Sambo, impatient and provoked, with unparalleled strength, forced him out of the room, and, with my assistance, brought him to our inn.—For several days after, he would not see me. I wrote, but my letters were returned. “Take them back, “ Sambo, (he cried,) my heart is broken.
 “ —I

“—I am a monster unfit to live. But
“ did I *strike* that good old man?”

“ Oh! yes, my prince, you did indeed.”

“ What! the amiable, kind, tender,

“ Mr. Hawkins! A blow!—Mercy, great

“ heaven! and take me from earth!”—

Thus he continued for five days, nor

would suffer any one to approach him but

Sambo. However, towards the evening

of the fifth, I ventured to go to his room.

He was up; and, seeing me enter, would

have fled by me, but I shut the door, and,

snatching his burning hand, “ Receive,

“ (I hastily exclaimed,) receive my fervent

“ forgiveness. Dear Adolphus, I pardon

“ and pity you. Come down, nothing

“ more shall transpire on this subject. You

“ are ill. This close confinement hurts

“ you. We will leave this place to-mor-

“ row.—Come, I have letters from Fins-

“ bury-Square. Your guardian is gone

“ to Paris in quest of Abrams, who has

“ sent for his wife and family to reside

“ there.

“there. My niece too, mourns your neglect.” He looked down, sullen and silent. “Speak to me, (I continued.) “Oh! Adolphus. for *what* have you sacrificed the sweet confidence of friendship? My heart tells me I do not deserve such treatment.”

“Well, sir, (said he hastily,) you do right; I merit reproof. *Reproof!* (and he lifted up his hands in inexpressible anguish,) oh! I merit *reprobation!* “Leave me, leave me, thou venerable man.”—And then, bursting into tears, threw himself upon a chair. With the greatest difficulty I persuaded him to take tea with me below, and with pain I saw his hand tremble, his eyes swelled, dim, and heavy; his whole frame so languid, and his countenance so dejected, that it increased, if possible, both my love and pity.

The weather being charming for the season, we took several airings upon the hills

hills and plains of that pleasant spot, which restored, in some degree, the strength and spirits of my poor invalid. But the consequence of my late temerity confined me to my bed with a terrible gouty complaint. During the fit, which held nearly three weeks, Adolphus was my best nurse, and read, played, or conversed, by turns, as I could bear it.

When I was able to move, he expressed an inclination to visit Bury, before we finished our tour. I cheerfully complied, though the short days and foggy weather rendered travelling disagreeable, and my companion fell into such reveries as made me fear for his head.—Whole hours have passed in this listless state, nor could I account for a change so melancholy. Sambo, who generally slept in the same room with him, used to say, “Oh! sir, my
“poor master!—No sleep.—He groan,
“sigh, start, get up, walk about, then go
“to bed! Ah! my prince be very sick.”

Laft

termitted. Sambo suspects the cause of this additional terror. His grief renders him an object of the liveliest pity.—
“Where can me go? (he says.) Where
“find my dying master? Perhaps he be
“all dead and cold!—Wind blow, snow
“beat upon his bosom.”—Last night he left the house at ten o’clock.—I was uneasy for the poor creature, not knowing what desperate resolution had urged him to go out during a violent hail-storm. But about one he returned, the picture of despair.—His sighs and groans were more expressive than words.—“Where have
“you been, my poor fellow?” I cried. He shook his head, and wept bitterly.

“Me only been to look for my prince.
“’Tis so dark.—But yet—me try to find
“him.—Hard rain did cut my cheek.
“Me did not mind. Poor master,
“he not used to English weather.—Be-
“sides you tink he kill himself. Well,
“me go to see.—No.—So dark, me

“ forced to come back.”——This faithful African! My heart feels for him. . . .

Alas, sir, you wonder I remain here; but there *is* a chance, at least, if the unhappy wanderer has not fulfilled his dreadful purpose, he may yet return.— Fatigue and sorrow oblige me to conclude this melancholy epistle. Your unhappy friend,

RICHARD HAWKINS.

To the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS from ADOLPHUS.

WHEN the virtuous Zimza trusted the light of his eyes, the blessings of this life, to the care of a European, to the best of men, could he have made a better choice? Mr. Hamilton was all his unsuspicious heart revered.— Yet was Zimza ambitious, and sought to polish the jewel which was too brittle to bear it. Already had I imbibed, from his tuition,

tuition, honesty, integrity, a hatred to hypocrisy, and a feeling for distress. Courage, hardy health, and cheerful spirits, were my natural inheritance.—But I was not *polite*; I was ignorant of the sciences; I was impetuous. These were the faults a European education was to remove.—My guardian, ever kind and good, added the most important of instructions, the knowledge of his God, and the sacred writings. I was grateful for his favours. I delighted in the society of his sister and Miss St. Leger.—How that name confutes my ideas!—I would it could amend them; but they are all gloomy.—No wonder.

Well, sir,—You, my father, Mr. Hamilton, his sister, *all, all*, loved me. Peace hovered round my bed; innocence refined my thoughts. My recreations ensured bodily vigour, while useful study strengthened my mind. Was I not happy? Curiosity, ever untired, ever unsatisfied,

was in a state of continual exercise. Every thing I saw, every thing I heard, afforded perpetual food for it. Not the least of my felicity was the love I felt for my tutor. Ah! sir, *that* tutor, venerable, mild, wise, and pious,—who will believe it that knew Adolphus?—*That* tutor suffered from the youth he trusted, the pupil he admired.—Yes, he suffered a *blow*!—Oh! sir, he *was* my friend, but *now* I have none. And can I endure the disgrace? No.—No.—No.—You tell me it is the duty of a Christian to repent his faults; to bear the evils he has incurred by guilt.—But it cannot be.—Sir, I must *die*.—Berisford says,—ay, *Berisford*!—*I* saved his *life*, and *he* destroys *my soul*!—Adieu, then, thou good old man. Observe, I do not ask your forgiveness—but adieu, adieu, then, for ever.

To

*To the Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS, from A.
HAMILTON, Esq.*

RETURN, my dear dejected friend,
nor encrease, by your absence, the
tortures we already endure.—Your conso-
lations are absolutely necessary. You must
teach us, by your heavenly resignation,
how to bear this trying affliction. Louisa
looks forward to the hour in which she
shall be indulged with the company of her
estimable friend with eagerness. “Tell
“him, (she says,) no censure can be appli-
“cable to his actions. We were *all* de-
“ceived.”—Deceived indeed! Messen-
gers have been dispatched to every place,
probable or improbable, where we might
hope to gather the smallest intelligence.
Berisford, execrable *Berisford*, is gone to
the continent accompanied by the detested
Lestocks.—Your niece, sweet, amiable,
distressed, creature, deeply—but I am sure

you want no other incentive to establish in some degree our distressed peace.

Oh! my friend, the dreadful mystery is in part explained. At the moment I was concluding my letter, the counting-house door opened, and a servant entered, announcing the name of Barry, who was no sooner admitted than I recognized him as the intimate of Frank Berisford, and an officer in the Irish brigades. On my enquiring the nature of his business, he presented me with the following,

TO ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, Esq.

October, 16.

" Four months after date, I promise
" to pay to Francis Berisford, Esq. or or-
" der, the sum of two thousand pounds.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

At the bottom.

" SIR,

" I believe you have in your hands suf-
" ficient

“ficient cash to answer the last demand of
“your—No; no;—of the undone, Adol-
“phus.”

Confusion and vexation banished every trait of patience, and, instead of coolly investigating this infernal treachery, I hastily accused Berisford, this *noble* captain, and their agents, of a villainous forgery, calculated to ruin the unfortunate youth in my esteem. The gentleman, with a look of high displeasure, bid me reprobate those who, in the practice of dishonesty, had the advantage of *him*, adding, my base suspicions were a dishonour to the name of a British merchant. “You
“are impertinent, sir, (I replied,) and
“reflect much greater disgrace on *your*
“profession than the expression of un-
“guarded friendship can do on mine.
“But as I presume your purpose will be
“better answered by my acceptance of
“this draft, please to acquaint me with
the

“ the methods by which this unhapppy
 “ boy has been induced to sign his own
 “ destruction.”

“ Ask those to whom he gave it, sir.
 “ This draft has been circulated through
 “ several hands. And, since you are so
 “ tenacious, understand that I received it
 “ of Mr. F——, who discounted it in
 “ consequence of your signature.”

There was indeed the conviction of that worthy banker's name on the back of the paper, and I was effectually silenced as to its legality, but the means by which it was obtained remained still a secret. Thus then are all hopes at an end of reclaiming this fallen favourite. All that can now be done is to continue a strict and uninterrupted search for him, and send him off by the first ship that sails, (if we are so happy as to recover him,) to his native clime, where the motives as well as power of committing these peculiar errors must necessarily cease.

What

What a disappointment to the plan we had formed! But who shall shape his own fortune by the direction of worldly wisdom?—I am too much dejected to add more than the best of wishes for your speedy recovery and arrival.

ADOLPHUS HAMILTON.

ADOLPHUS to ZIMZA.

Carnarvon, Wales.

Continuation of the Journal from June 18.

EXILED from the friends I love, uncertain of a brave and noble father's fate, encumbered with painful ideas, and depressed by the torment of self-reproach, who shall say, Adolphus, thou art happy. Alas, Adolphus, how art thou fallen! for even now, doubtful whether thy melancholy effusions shall ever reach a dearly-beloved parent, though tempted to imagine he is betrayed to slavery by the enemies of his country, still art thou more
ready

ready to vent the complaints of thy own selfish soul than mourn the hero's lot.— And yet—what can I write but of my faults and follies?—Perhaps,—blessed be the suggestion,—perhaps thou art safely returned to thy sorrowing court.—The very thought illuminates my troubled mind, and who can tell but Zimza waits impatiently a packet from his son.—I will encourage the sweet idea, and write as usual.

July 20.

We are just returned from an excursion through part of Ireland.—I intended to have sent minutes of my observations upon that extraordinary country, but self, partial self, again intrudes.—Read, dearest sir, a letter I have just received from Berisford.

To ADOLPHUS, from FRANCIS BERIS-
FORD, Esq.

Bedford-Square, July 19.

WHAT in the name of gravity does your tutor intend by immersing you among glens and wild mountains? Does he never mean to visit the cheerful haunts of men again? It may do well enough for a divinity-monger like him to meditate upon the sins of his past youth, gravely condemning the sprightly flights of —, (oh! hang it, I can't preach.)— But for youth and brilliant spirits, like yours, to follow the tedious steps of an old worn-out jockey, I've no patience.—However, to supply an article or two of domestic intelligence, what think you of the following?—My affair goes on very well with Miss St. Leger.—'Tis a shy little gypsy.—No matter. Slow and sure at setting out.—Set off cool.—Keep my breath.—Lie

—Lie by.—Let 'em all get before me.—
Mend my pace.—Soon fetch up the hind-
most.—Steal upon the rest.—Whip,—
spur.—Give full play to the reins.—Out-
strip the wind.—Dash by the winning-
post, and outdo them all by a bar's length.
—That's it, young soberfides.—How d'ye
like my plan? Full of mettle, isn't it?

Well, but what have you done to my
pretty Sally Lestock? Won't stir from her
father's.—Mopes, sighs, and weeps.—Ten-
der soul.—Harkye, Adolphus, you do
not use the poor girl well.—Make haste
home. Offer her your hand. Take her
to Africa, and make her queen of your
tawny kingdom.—What a contrast be-
tween her snowy complexion and the
sooty skins of your negro beauties! And
how well she will become your fine pearls
and glittering ornaments!—Come, come,
this is no bad scheme. Think of it, and
let me know your determination when we
meet.

meet. Farewel.—Compliments to the
old Grecian from your

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

ADOLPHUS *in continuation.*

I CANNOT shew this letter to my tutor; and you, my dearest parent, *if* returned,—are too far distant to consult.—O the bitter consequences of a first deception, how it involves me in added guilt! Gay, volatile, and indiscriminating, this lively mortal looks not to the *fit* or *prudent* in his communications, or he would not sport with the feelings of an amiable girl and his sincere friend.—Surely the noble St. Leger cannot approve of him whom the humbler Sally Lestock has rejected.—You have ever inculcated the absolute necessity of sparing the delicacy of those whose partiality blinds them to the faults of a friend. Such is this artless woman. How then can I?—But what will
you

you infer from a confession in her favour? And yet it is so natural to distinguish those who attach themselves to us.—Had Miss St. Leger but permitted.—But retrospection cannot avail.—May *she* be happy.

Derby, August 20

Miss Hamilton has rejoiced my reverend companion with intelligence so unexpected and so transporting that he received it with a thankful tear.—His niece is emancipated from the worst of slavery, and is become my sister ward. “We will protract our tour, (said the good man,) till your recovery is completed, and then return perhaps to cement a union the most desirable.”

A union, my parent! of what nature? The amiable St. Leger is to be united, need I say to *whom*? “You love Mary Ann, (said Mr. Hawkins, this morning.) Will you not add to *her* felicity
“in

“in regaining your own?—I think you
 “will not be displeased at the choice we
 “have ventured to make. A choice to
 “which she can have no possible objec-
 “tion. The addresses of a noble affec-
 “tionate lover will meet the sanction of
 “us all.—Shall I be more explicit?”

“By no means. You have said enough.
 “May *her* example purify his ideas and
 “mend his heart.”—“No more, Adol-
 “phus, (answered he.) We all have er-
 “rors. *You* may have been permitted to
 “fall merely to enlarge your charity for
 “others.”

“*Others!* (I repeated.) Oh! sir, the
 “man who aspires to your niece ought to
 “have his presumption countenanced by
 “every perfection that can dignify human
 “nature.”

He smiled.—“Well, well, we will dis-
 “cuss this matter no farther, excepting to
 “say, that, while modern vices are gilded
 “with so many temptations, *he* is well
 Vol. II. F “off

"off who stops in the vigour of his career."
 "reer."

Fortunate Berisford, thus to find thy sanguine hopes confirmed! *And so early too!*—But I will totally conclude a subject which, from this moment, shall never occupy my tongue or pen.—Would I could govern my thoughts. . . .

Another letter from this volatile young man. I think my answer will displease him, but it must be so. It was written without reflection, but it was dictated by my heart.

From FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. to ADOLPHUS.

WH Y thou chicken-hearted fellow!
 —Does thy humble spirit yet submit to the reins, quietly giving thyself up to the guidance of that old creeping honesty, Hawkins? who is perpetually checking the pace of youth with the curb-bridle of
 of

of mortified experience ; and, while I am galloping half round the globe, you, sometimes ambling, sometimes walking, creep about the hills you dare not climb. —Rouse, rouse, and shake thy self, nor slumber away the only desirable part of existence, while all the world is in motion. Have you forgotten the fifteenth of next month ? Say not no, I beseech ye. A horse race !—Oh how it will warm thine African blood ! To see a collection of the noblest animals nature ever formed straining every nerve ; nostrils dilated, sides panting, breath exhaling like streams of fire, while beauty, fashion, and sparks animated in hope of victory line the spacious course. Be not denied then. Insist upon the right of a free agent. Hawkins dare not contradict you. Besides, if all humanity is not extinct, visit poor Sally, whose health, once so blooming, is now declining fast.—Poor suffering girl !—Not my own approaching happiness

ness can shut my heart to her sorrows, The very idea of her dissolution checks my spirits.—She is ill, indeed, Adolphus. I have told her you will be at Newmarket.

“Enough, sir, (she cried,) then I’ll be “there too.” Seriously, my dear Adolphus, you must permit me to solicit your pity for this poor thing. Let her not attribute your neglect to her humble situation, Honour, generosity, manly tenderness, all demand a suitable return. Only *see* her, and you must be strangely altered if you are not affected by her grief. You know I cannot be grave for five minutes together, or I should be apt to conclude in a wonderful mopish strain. However, fail not, at your peril, to give *me* the meeting next month, if you value the society of

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq.* from ADOLPHUS.

September 24.

NO, Berisford, it must not be.—Why do you thus attack me on the side of the nobler passions? My soul bleeds for the amiable creature who thus throws away her happiness without hope of a return. I am *not* unkind. I am *not* ungenerous. I scorn the imputation of sordid meanness. But where I *can* preserve my sincerity I am happy to do it. Surely this girl possesses the feelings of an African maid!—Impetuous, ardent, unrestrained by empty forms, they boldly declare their attachments, and freely select the favoured youth without incurring the smallest reflection on real modesty. But here, a cold reserve, a necessary hypocrisy, covers without smothering the flame of love.—O then let not an unfeeling world triumph in the

knowledge of such noble weakness. Keep her secret if you are not abandoned by the sense of female delicacy.—Tell her—But now the task becomes truly difficult.—For how can I——? Oh! Berisford, tell her the heart of Adolphus is not worth her acceptance, for he has lost all power over it. —Once more then I cannot see you at Newmarket. Adieu.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

Journal continued.

Newmarket, October 19.

Who shall say *this* I will do because it is right?—*That* rock I will shun, least it wreck my peace?—How sincere was my determination to avoid Berisford; and yet I am in daily expectation of meeting him! —With pleasure I acceded to Mr. Hawkins's resolution of extending our tour through the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; and we had visited Cambridge before he intimated his hopes of seeing my guardian

guardian and all his family at Newmarket.

—It was then too late to offer any objection to a plan he might reasonably suppose would give me pleasure. Ah! how little does he know of that heart which once knew no concealment!

14th, Twelve at Night.

Last night, or rather evening, I wandered (attended only by Sambo) through the village, and, as the weather was extremely serene, felt an inclination to pursue my walk till the falling damps induced me to turn back, which I did rather suddenly, and met Miss Lestock!—But who can describe her almost fainting agitation and number the tears she shed? How bitterly she accused herself of — even of presumption!—How affectionately she implored my pity, and how generously she exculpated Berisford, on whom I had justly reflected!—Oh! sir, the consequence, the fatal consequence, of this powerful attack upon my passions was — — —

What a burst of anguish !—It has relieved me for a moment.—Dare I tell my father ?—Yes.—He shall know the extent of my weakness.—He *must know* that I have *promised*, sacredly promised, my hand to this distressed girl, when your sanction shall confirm the engagement.—O there is a cause which stamps this act with guilt.—But of that no more. . . .

Brentwood, December 15.

Would I had slept in that world of waters from which I dragged the man who called himself my *friend* !—Him, whose pernicious counsels have ruined an unsuspecting wretch.—Plunged him into the commission of vices that overwhelm every hope of recovery; darkening every cheerful expectation with the fullen cloud of shame, and precipitated me into the resolution of committing suicide.

What numbers of spirited high-born Europeans have signed their own doom ! What, then, is the inference ? Is it

it not that a coward dare not rush into futurity; and that a contempt of death is the sure characteristic of intrinsic valour? Bethink thee well, Adolphus.

This pause has been favourable to the decision.—Farewell, then, every hope and every joy.—Farewell the light of day, the gloom of eve, the tedious hours of cruel reflection.—Farewell unhappy thoughtless Sally Lestock, whose artful hypocrisy has woven too strong a web for credulity to escape.—And oh! farewell, lovely and dearly beloved Miss St. Ledger!—This once, my father, permit me, this last time, suffer me, to break my word.—Had I resolved to live, that name my pen should not have traced; but in this awful moment let me confess, all expectation of worldly felicity, all assurance of future pleasure, every wish, every generous desire, arose from and centered in her, my first and only delight. When on-board the ship, when under Abrams's
abused

abused guardianship, when in the society of the worthy friends I shall no more see, she was the object of my esteem, respect, admiration, and love.

Romford.

Ten o'clock.—Two hours of painful existence yet remain. My purpose is unshaken.—But my spirits are subdued. I could weep, nay, I *do* weep, for whom?—Even for *all* who will be wounded by my fall.—But shall I not briefly recount the whole of those motives which have enforced my resolution?—Have I time? Yes.—Thus then.—The day following my interview with——oh! I cannot name her——my tutor, with infinite reluctance, suffered me to go upon the course, which I did the more readily, as I had been informed *Berisford* was otherwise engaged.—The scene was new; and, for an hour, superceded the torments of reflection. Before the second heat began, this false friend rode through the croud, and introduced

introduced me to a captain Barry.—But how great was my astonishment to see them accompanied by the woman who had so lately accepted my vows! To see her lively, gay, and in full possession of that health which I had been made to believe was sacrificed to her unrewarded affection for me!—My very soul was disgusted, and I betted with an eagerness which denoted desperation. The horse I had taken won every thing. Barry was chagrined; Berisford whispered, when we parted, his request that I would join them the following day, for my honour was engaged.—*My honour!*—Alas! it is no more. I complied with his request, and fortune changed sides. The bets were large.—I was successful in all I took. Frantic with different emotions, I did as Berisford advised, accepted cash from him, and plunged myself into farther difficulties. At night I exceeded my usual temperance.—My head grew giddy.—I signed a paper, took another

other glass, and was called — *an honest fellow!*—My tutor—horrible!—they say I struck him!

That venerable man's illness detained us *too* long. Berisford remained likewise at Newmarket. We often met. I had forgotten the draft, but he refreshed my memory. I entreated him not to put it in force. He refused; and very lately intimated his wish that I would back the legality of it with a written request to my guardian (on whom it was drawn) to discharge it, as he meant to have it discounted, which a person had engaged to do, if I would comply with his desire. I knew the consequence, but had taken my measures; therefore made no scruple to write a hasty strange note, which Berisford objected to, but I left him for ever, and last Thursday night quitted Bury, wandered about in lanes, fields, and commons, till, faint with fasting and fatigue, I reached Brentwood.

Past

Past eleven, and no prospect of a silent moment.—Methinks I would wish to recommend my soul to that ——— How confused are my thoughts!—What madness, to add defiance to desperation! And then foolish, to ask pardon for an offence before we commit it!—Let me consider.—Mr. Hawkins used to say his God was a God of justice as well as mercy. What art thou about, Adolphus?—Dost thou call thyself a Christian, and yet dare to affront the Christian's God?—Is not thy fate fixed, when that instrument of death has done its business?—And who can alter it?—Should not every sinner repent *before* he can be forgiven?—And how are we to repent of an unperformed act of disobedience?—Is not this a mockery of that gracious and omnipotent being?—And yet—where can I go?—The draft has doubtless been presented; or, if it were not, my destiny is signed.—Alas! I shudder

78— S L A V E R Y : O R,
der at the past, and tremble for the future.
Is there no resource?—Yes.—I will kneel.

.
Begone, thou horrid implement of destruction. I now feel myself *indeed* a coward; an infatuated coward; meanly, basely, and treacherously, quitting my post, because some hard conditions, the fruit of error, are annexed to the duties of my station.—That pistol, charged with my eternal ruin, how terrifying it appears! And yet what a lesson it reads!—Some one is coming up stairs.—My very soul trembles. Poor undone Adolphus. How hast thou lost thy fortitude with thy integrity! I start at shadows, and even wish for society.—Again.—Well, then, let me for ever hide this once intended arbiter of my fate. I am interrupted. An officer begs permission to sleep in my room, as this inn is excessively crowded.—Be it so.—He may be the messenger of mercy.—

mercy.—I *must* live.—The decree is past.
I dare not die.

Seventeenth.

This officer is a French refugee. He is preparing for a voyage to one of the French West-India islands. He has heard of the miserable Adolphus. I have opened my heart to him; and he would persuade me to return, but that cannot be.

January 1.

Generous L'Heureux! I will accept thy offer.—Even Zimza would love the preserver of his son. He is a second Hamilton. He will keep my secret. He will protect me. His conversation has changed my ideas, refined my dark and gloomy notions, and gives birth to the hope of revisiting England, blessed with the forgiveness of my friends, myself, and *my God*. But he mentions terms. Hardened wretch as I was, ever to make them necessary. This moment will I comply with them

To

To the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS, from ADOLPHUS.

Plymouth Sound, January 10.

RESCUED by the hand of Omnipotence from eternal destruction, the penitent Adolphus once more dares even to look up to his revered, his abused, his patient, tutor. Had the Almighty rejected the petitions of your pupil, he had long ere this — Oh! my friend, I cannot bear the retrospection! — for still my weakened imagination brings before me the awful night which I had set apart for destruction. I know your tenderness, I reverence your piety, and am led to think they will both be exerted in my favour. Who can withstand the effect of them, when united? Not Mr. Hamilton. Not his sister. Not your amiable niece. — Plead for me then, dearest sir. Prevail for the poor outcast. Answer for the sincerity of my repentance, and assure them I am in honourable hands.

cannot explain myself; but depend upon this, should certain contingencies permit, I shall fly to England, in the full hope of receiving, at the feet of my dear friends, their full and free pardon. Adieu, worthy sir.—May the felicity of—how my hand trembles!—I would only say, may every uneasiness you have endured for Adolphus be amply repaid in the happiness of *Mrs. Berisford*.

The bustle upon deck obliges me to subscribe the unfortunate signature of

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

Rev. Mr. HAWKINS to ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, Esq.

Bury, January 6.

BLESSED be the power which enables me to say, Adolphus is safe; that he has not confirmed the most horrible of expectations. But why not return to his sympathising friends? Does he doubt our pardon? Alas! where can this

poor youth mean to hide himself? What mystery yet envelopes his fate? What contingencies does he hint at? And then *who* is this Mrs. Berisford!—How is she to supply my lost happiness? Strange inconsistencies! I long to embrace my beloved Mary and her inestimable protectors. But this excruciating disorder tries the patience it cannot, ought not, to overcome. However the paroxysms are neither so frequent nor violent, so that I may hope, in a short time, to rejoice with you in Finsbury-Square.

A letter from my sweet niece would renovate my drooping spirits.—Be so kind, dear sir, as to desire her to write, and to write with cheerfulness; but to *write* only; for well I know her affection is strong enough to bring her to her uncle.

I remain, my good sir, your grateful

RICHARD HAWKINS.

From

From Miss ST. LEGER, to the Rev. Mr.

HAWKINS.

Finsbury-Square, Jan. 16

OH! this infatuated Adolphus! My dear sir, he is engaged, positively and solemnly engaged, to the cast-off mistress of a wretch whose name would pollute my pen, and the contingencies he hints at doubtless glance at his intended union. Long have I suspected this shocking coalition, but, depending, too foolishly depending, upon his sincerity, I listened only to the suggestions of delicacy, which forbad my interference.—Ah! my uncle, the vile woman glories in her triumph.—I am told she has been for some time making the most magnificent additions to her wardrobe, previous to her figuring as the wife of a prince. Nay, the very hours, on which hung the fate of our still noble Adolphus, were employed by her in dissipation and gaiety. Too proud of the unme-

rited distinction he has promised, she has circulated her great expectations among even the trades-people she employs, among whom is a discreet person, sister to my Ellen, to whom she committed the intelligence on which my former suspicions were founded, and but last week privately complained of his succeeding neglect, in not sending *one* line since she received the assurance of his faith. But well she knows her trust is sure.—He is not depraved enough to tell a wilful falsehood. Little does she guess the perturbations of his mind, which had nearly, by his own destruction, totally superceded her brilliant schemes.—I am willing to hope the father is ignorant of her attachment to the destroyer of your pupil's felicity, but surely he is extremely blameable in leaving her so much in that fellow's power, for it is a well-known circumstance that they are gone to France together, perhaps for the purpose of celebrating this horrible marriage

riage; and yet, were it so, Adolphus, if we may believe the late communications, would not hazard a meeting with Berisford. As to the conclusion of our African's letter, we, as well as you, attribute it to the unsettled state of both heart and head.

What obligations, my dear uncle, do we not owe to the generous, the kind, Mr. Hamilton? With what readiness did he pursue the dastardly Abrams even to Bern, in Switzerland! And, after procuring proper authority from the police of that place, secured the wretched man.—Though cunning, dishonesty, and cowardice, had ever distinguished his dirty-path through life, yet, upon this trying occasion, the latter proved its ascendancy over his mean spirit.—He wept, wrung his hands, and promised, if Mr. Hamilton would release him, he would make ample confession and full retribution; but, when he read Mr. Sealy's charge of forgery, he seemed as though

labouring under a suspension of his faculties. At last, sobbing with anguish, he cried,—“Then all my golden prospects
 “are vanished, and I must be carried like
 “a criminal to England; be tried for
 “life, cast for death, and—but sure the
 “king will pardon my first fault.” Mr. Hamilton chose not to answer this effusion of dastardly fear, but, leaving him under the care of proper officers, transmitted to his sister the welcome intelligence.

Oh! sir, a second letter is just arrived, to say the unhappy man has rashly ventured the commencement of that punishment in another world he feared to face in this.—Shocking catastrophe!—Wretched Abrams! May heaven be merciful to thy burthened soul.—

Mr. Sealy has just left us.—He went, commissioned by Mr. Hamilton, to the widow of the unhappy suicide.—She was
 much

much affected at the manner of his death, but presently adverted to her pecuniary affairs, and would have produced the will of the deceased; but when Mr. Sealy answered her the last will of a man under his circumstances was by no means binding, her tears were stopped, her eyes struck fire, and, rising to go to her bureau, she said, "Nay, nay, Mr. *Seeler*, you shall never tell me that my poor dear husband was not in sound mind and memory when this will was made.—So don't think I'll be put off with my thirds, under the pretence of *'sanity*. Here, Mr. *Seeler*, here's the names of three *'sponsible* men as any in London.—Nay, pray be convinced."

"I am, madam, that no person can bestow that property upon another which he held only by a defraud."

"Fraud! Mr. *Seeler*, I don't under-

“stand you. Sure you don’t mean to
 “’peach my husband’s honesty.”

“Your husband has died under impu-
 “tations not only disgraceful, but crimi-
 “nal ; I am sorry to be so plain, but you
 “must not deceive yourself, we have col-
 “lateral evidence of his guilt.”

“I don’t know what you mean by *col-*
 “*lar-at-all* evidence, but I am sure you
 “treat me very ill, Mr. *Seeler*.”—She then
 broke into a violent flood of tears, com-
 posed of vexation, pride, and grief. Then,
 suddenly checking them, “And pray,
 “Mr. *Seeler*, what might be *your* business
 “with me?—I han’t got no more heir-
 “esses to steal.—I was finely treated that
 “day by a pack of housebreakers. But if
 “my poor dear Solomon was alive, you
 “would not have gained your ends.
 “Talk of a fraud, truly!—She stopped a
 moment to wipe her eyes. And then re-
 suming, in an angry tone, “Why don’t
 “you

“ you answer me ? I am sure you are no
“ *gentleman*, or you wouldn't come of
“ such a dirty *arrant*.”

“ I came not hither to establish my
“ claim to *that* title, Mrs. Abrams, my er-
“ rand was of a friendly description.”

“ What, to tell me my husband was a
“ rogue !”

“ Ask your own heart to clear his cha-
“ racter ; and, if that acquits him, your
“ surprise will be the greater to know that
“ without the interposition of Mr. Ha-
“ milton, Mr. Hawkins, and myself, his
“ effects must be wholly confiscated.
“ He has robbed an heiress, defrauded a
“ legatee, and forged a will with the
“ names of two respectable gentlemen
“ added to my own. Judge, then, what
“ right any of his relations can have to a
“ property so illegally acquired.”

She looked about her like one that
was stunned. — Arose, — went to the
door, — came back again, fanned herself
with

with her handkerchief, threw it into the window-seat, and, clasping her hands together, again wept most violently, her own guilt stopping her mouth. Mr. Sealy was affected. He went up to her, saying, "I sincerely pity your condition, "but permit me to tell you there is no "time to lose. Send for some friend or "lawyer whom you can trust. Make your "own terms ; always remembering they "must be moderate. Let them be properly drawn out, and I will look at "them to-morrow morning, and let you "know how far they can be complied "with."

She made no answer, not even to return his compliment when he wished her good night, but sat fixed to her chair till he had gained the outside of the parlour door, when, as if impelled by the result of her meditation, she rushed out after him ; but, unwilling to engage in further altercation, he bowed to her abrupt request that he
would

would return, and hastened to the carriage.

One hope, which gave an additional value to my recovered rights, is for ever cut off. The poor Clarence is beyond the reach of mortal ills. A severe fever has deprived me of an humble grateful dependant, whose declining years I meant to render comfortable. However, he expired with peaceful resignation, and his memory is consecrated by a tear from Miss Hamilton.

Ah! my dear sir, this monster, Berisford, is returned, and Lestock's daughter with him.—What mysteries are these! But every incident relating to our poor Adolphus is mysterious. The absence of his father, indeed, has received a melancholy solution.—Absolutely betrayed, by a neighbouring power, to the captain of a French vessel.—Mr. Hamilton writes that he is in the deepest affliction for this event, well knowing the noble Zimza will never
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sub-

submit to a state of slavery.—The fellow who purchased him gives a shocking account of his rage, sorrow, and fruitless resistance, when constrained to remain on-board, where curiosity had induced him to venture.—He would not eat, speak, nor move, after his spirits were exhausted by his efforts to resist the attempts they made to put on his irons. Poor dear sufferer ! My tears flow for his undeserved calamities. At first, they manacled his feet, but, the captain coming near him, Zimza dealt him such a blow as immediately procured the confinement of his hands ; and, from that time, he could scarcely be said to breathe, nor would he have taken the smallest refreshment, had not *means* been used which he could not resist. Oh ! my uncle, those *means* I fear were terrible, for Mr. Hamilton would not be particular in this part of his recital. But I doubt he knows too much of the treatment this injured king received in what they stiled the middle

middle passage, which is from Africa to the West-India Islands. Unhappy Adolphus! What would be his anguish to read this intelligence! — Sambo, too! How I esteem that faithful creature. Do not acquaint him, dear sir, with a circumstance which will but renew his former anguish.—My good Miss Hamilton threatens to take the pen from my hand. Amiable woman, I obey your kind commands, after transmitting your friendly wishes to the best of men, and uniting them with those of his ever dutiful

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

P. S. Gracious heaven! What new affliction doth thy omniscience judge necessary to the purpose of a salutary mortification! Ellen interrupts me to say Mr. Hamilton is returned, his sister in tears, and *my* presence is requested.—I have unclosed my letter, which lay ready for the post, to send you the most affecting tidings.

dings. Zimza,—unfortunate, impetuous, and too noble to bear even the contemplation of future evils,—attempted to make his escape from the vessel, at a moment when an awful tempest had driven it upon another part of the coast which he perfectly knew, after they had sailed for more than seven days. The distress they were in had induced them to relax their attention to this unhappy prince, who was confined apart from the rest, and, finding means to get one hand and one foot at liberty, he rashly ventured to try a dangerous and at best uncertain fate, by plunging amidst the dreadful waves. He was immediately missed. One of the men, going to the steerage, found him—depending from the chains, to which he was suspended by a broken link of the fetter, that he could not get off. A death so horrible, at the moment he hoped for a better deliverance, gives us the most poignant anguish. Surely the measure of Adolphus's

dolphus's sorrows will now be full!—I feel for him with additional pity, and can only hope this mournful catastrophe may, for a length of time, be kept from his knowledge. Once more then adieu to the dear and ever-esteemed parent of his

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.

To the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS, from ADOLPHUS.

Cape St. Vincent, St. Domingo, April 7:

IT is exactly eighteen years since the light of heaven dazzled the infant eyes of Zimza's son, seventeen of which passed rapidly along, for they were unclogged with guilt.—At a period so early, the character of a European is scarcely formed. At a period so early *mine* is decided.—While others are marking, with eager eyes, the progress of their fortune to its zenith, *I* am tracing the declination of *mine*. These reflections naturally occur from the contemplation of a melancholy anniversary, the first I ever knew unblest by friendly congratulations.

tions.—But I must not complain, since one salutary consequence has flowed from my fall. It has taught me to *know myself*.—I was proud, impetuous, credulous, and too confident of a station I did not deserve. It was permitted me to lose *that*, lest I should lose every thing, and now, were it not presumption, I would hope this disposition would entitle me once more to the good opinion of those friends I have deserted. But believe me, dear sir, I will never more depend upon *myself*. Will you allow me then to *renew*, if I may so call it, my claim on you for future admonition, instruction, and advice.

Alas! the noble object of my former journal is, I fear, no more! A ship arrived here only yesterday from the Gambia. How my heart sunk, when, in answer to my interrogations, I was informed, my father was not returned; that they had chosen another king; and that the preference Zimza had given to Europe for
the

the education of his son, had irritated those who dreaded it might produce some innovations of their religion, so that the kingdom of his ancestors is for ever lost to us. And this conclusion gives birth to a horrid thought, either assassination or slavery. But I will not indulge a fear so vague. Zimza was not born to endure the latter, nor will his native courage permit him to sink under the former, for what African dare raise the weapon of death against a bosom so sacred! What says L'Heureux? A tumult among the slaves!

The Tenth.

We are escaped, but ferocious vengeance has steeped its footsteps in blood. All is tumult and confusion in the island we have left. Too confident of their power, the unhappy planters mourn in bitterness the destruction of their property. Alas! I feel, deeply feel, for those who, lulled into security, heard not the storm

VOL. II. H till

till it burst upon their heads. Blind and undistinguishing, these wretched negroes advert but to a terrible revenge. It is enough that they are offended. It is enough that they can grasp the means of retaliation. Mercy, compassion, even justice, cannot make their claims good where the voice of revenge is only to be heard. How pitiable to reflect that innocence can offer no plea strong enough to secure itself, but, involved in one fate with the cruel and unjust, sinks before the death-dealing conquerors.

Martinico, the 18th.

Again we breathe the air of peace and freedom. Captain L'Heureux has introduced me to one of the most considerable merchants on this island. He received me with an affection almost paternal, and with that peculiar dignity which marks high birth and generous feelings, acknowledging me as the offspring of unfortunate royalty.

The

The Twenty-seventh.

An opportunity occurs to send my packet.—Adieu then, dear and worthy sir.—Will you not, yes I know you will, write to me immediately. And, if you would soothe the sufferings of your poor Adolphus, send him the forgiveness of *all* whom he has offended.

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

Journal continued.

May 2d.

What a scene has attacked my heart this day! A scene which, though I would hope it is not uncommon in the West-Indies, yet merits a very particular description. This excellent *protector*, not oppressor, of his slaves, induced me to accompany him to the plantations nearest his house, for the purpose of controverting an argument captain L'Heureux had held the day before, that the strictest severity was invariably observed in the go-

H 2

govern-

government of those poor creatures. The day was sultry to an extreme, and Mr. Cumberland had chosen the hour appropriated to the dinner recess. *My* doubts respecting this assertion were now most affectingly removed. Men, women, and children, disposed upon the earth in various little groupings, were refreshing themselves with a decent allowance of wholesome provisions, while, at intervals, the cheerful expression of simple nature went round. The mirth of one party being rather too rough for a surly looking overseer, who, with several more, were reclining in the shade, he arose and reprimanded one of the offenders in a savage stile; and upon meeting, as I imagined, with a tart reply, began the exercise of his ready lash. I was rushing forward, but the merchant, beckoning me to stop, hastily advanced, and commanded him to desist. The fellow muttered, but was about to withdraw, when the man, who had incurred

curred the harsh correction, rising upon his knees, cried, " My good massa, me
" done no harm indeed. Me only say,
" much laugh, much work.—Better laugh
" than cry.—So massa Corbet say."

" Then cry, black dog."

" And was this all the offence, (said my
" friend, sternly,) that occasioned those
" heavy strokes?"

" And enough too, sir, (replied the
" overseer.) Your slaves are spoiled with
" too much liberty. They would be
" worth a great deal more if they had less
" indulgence, and were kept longer to
" their work."

" And you would be willing, (answer-
" ed Mr. Cumberland) to watch them an
" additional hour for my sake."

" In that case, sir, to be sure, we should
" want another hand. For it is impossible
" to be here and there and every where,
" this scorching weather, when one can

“hardly bear to stand, much less run
 “about, in such a burning sun.”

“And yet, (said this wise judge, in an
 “awfully severe tone,) and yet you grudge
 “these poor people the scanty hour of
 “rest to refresh those limbs enfeebled
 “with excessive heat; and, when you can
 “scarcely (though inactive) endure the
 “meridian beams, these men are expected
 “to exert their utmost strength to perform
 “the wearisome tasks allotted them. And
 “what makes the mighty difference be-
 “tween ye? Accident and misfortune.—
 “Nothing else, whatever groundless pride
 “may suggest.—However, *you* shall be re-
 “leased from fatigue so *terrible*; and,
 “though *you* may think another hand so
 “necessary, we will try to do with one
 “less.—Go, then, to my clerk, receive
 “the wages you do not deserve, nor dare
 “to be seen on any of my plantations
 “again.” He would have spoken, but was
 prevented with “Begone, sir; I hear
 “no more.”

Then

Then it was my feelings grew too powerful for constraint. No sooner had he turned to leave the spot than those who were nearest, with uplifted hands and bent knees, called for blessings upon their good, their kind master; particularly the man whose sudden chastisement had caused this revolution.

"Oh! massa, (said he,) we be all good.

"We serve you willing, you be so kind.

"Some bad people, great ways off, be

"lazy, sulky—no work, no speak.—They

"be much much beat.—Then they rise,

"kill, fight, burn plantation. Oh! we

"be so sorry.—We fight too; but we

"fight *for* massa; he so good,—so—so

"very good.—We defend him house,

"him plantation, him life, him every

"thing."

"Well, (said Mr. Cumberland,) you

"see, L'Heureux *one* instance at least of

"gentle government, and also the fruits of

"it.—Do not doubt then but there are

“ many more. You may trust me, my friend, when I tell you, *all* planters are not alike.”—He then strictly forbid the other overseers an intemperate use of manual discipline. They promised obedience, and retired, followed by the negroes, whose time being expired, their master had the pleasure of beholding them renew their labours with an alacrity that the whip could not inspire.

The Seventeenth.

A gentleman from Guadaloupe has enlivened, by his elegant conversation, our evening parties. He is grave, but not sad; serene, not stupid. His figure and deportment speak him to be a son of Mars, while the simplicity of his dress contradicts any idea we might form in favour of his professing a warlike occupation. Mr. Cumberland speaks of him as a singular character, while he is proud of an intimacy with such a noble sufferer. Ruined by your late broils in America, he

was

was upon the point of losing his life with his property; but, after various misfortunes, obtained that protection in an enemy's domains which his own country denied; and, settling in Guadaloupe, found himself encouraged to apply for an agency under a rich planter, whose age and infirmities required such assistance. The death of his employer opened a road to his own preferment, and he is now in full possession of some lucrative plantations. There is a peculiar turn of his features, at times, which gives me inexpressible anxiety, as connected with something nearest my heart. Nay, I could sometimes fancy a *trait* of my beloved father's countenance in this venerable person. But complexion, situation, every thing, contradict my foolish wishes.

Oh! my kind correspondent, will it not carry pleasure to thy friendly bosom to know the rash Adolphus is not deserted? — That, notwithstanding he so

un-

ungratefully forsook the tender guardians of his youth, he is yet the object of a benevolence which, actuating all good men alike, produces, even in a climate so distant, the same fruits! Captain L'Heureux, Mr. Cumberland, and my last not least favourite, seem to unite in lavishing the gifts of friendship upon a son of self-excited misfortune. They know my origin; they know my story; and they have been told my faults. I talk of my parent; I tell my apprehensions; I weep lest they should be realised. These tender protectors hear me with patient attention. They pity, they soothe, and they console, me. Mr. Vincent looks at me with such a scrutinizing eye, and then with so much meaning upon Mr. Cumberland, that I am almost tempted to beg an explanation. Perhaps he will be more explicit in a little voyage he induces me to undertake.

Guadaloupe,

Guadaloupe, June 22.

I have been among Mr. Vincent's slaves, and was delighted to see the same good order and gentleness in their management which distinguished those at Martinico.—But their overseers will be obeyed; and I can see they expect implicit submission. As we were leaving the plantation, Mr. Vincent asked what they had done with Oran. “Yonder he goes, sir,” was the reply. I looked towards a clump of trees, and saw a tall African, who, perceiving he was observed, hurried into the wood which skirts the sugar-works.

“You have fulfilled my orders?” resumed my companion.

“We have, sir; but liberty has hitherto made no change in Oran's conduct.”

“No

"No matter, do not contradict him.

"—Let him go where he likes. I mean
"it as a trial of his disposition."

"Has he been long with you, sir?" I
asked.

"Sometime, Adolphus."

"What then he is obstinate, and will
"not work?"—I sighed.

"Do not sigh, my young friend. He
"is not ill-treated."

I sighed again, and thought of Sterne's
slavery.

The Twenty-Fifth.

This morning Oran shot swiftly by me.
I pursued him; called loudly; but he
was gone.—At noon he passed me again.
I was musing in a reclining attitude,
and saw him not till, roused by a little
noise he made in stumbling against the
root of a tree, I just caught a glimpse
of his face. He was in tears.—I ex-
claimed, "Friend, — countryman, — O,
"ran,—

“ran,—return.”—He stopped, looked behind.—wring his hands.—I would have approached; but, in a fierce accent, he cried, “I will not be pursued.”—The language of Tonouwah! astonishing!—I trembled, but dared not be inquisitive. He then hastily retreated, and I saw him no more.—Mr. Vincent gives no satisfaction to my perpetual inquiries respecting this unfortunate man, though he sees my anxiety.—But I must be patient. You will readily understand my motive for curiosity.—He is certainly from Tonouwah; and, could I get to his speech, might possibly inform me of Zimza’s fate. . . .

Amazing turn of fortune! Why have I offended my generous friends? Why have I flown from the hospitable Mr. Hamilton, his amiable sister, the reverend tutor of my wayward youth, and his lovely niece, but for purposes which will more than compensate for the pangs I have
both

both given and received! — *General St. Leger lives!* — Lives — not in the person of Oran — but Mr. Vincent!

GENERAL ST. LEGER *to the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS.*

Martinico, July 10.

OH! this blessed Adolphus! To what has he restored me? — To light, life, and joy! — My brother! — My child! — Ye are yet alive! — We *shall* meet again! — But oh! if the dear creature is not yet sacrificed to Berisford, spare her the anguish, the sorrow of knowing she is allied to destruction! — Let her not lament too late the loss of the best and worthiest of human hearts. Suspend every unfavourable thought of this good youth till certain circumstances are cleared up. — He entrusted me with the secret of his soul, and committed to my bosom the name of her he continually laments? — *That* name unravelled the painful mystery which

THE TIMES. 111

which has so often shaded the naturally cheerful features of your Adolphus, and the important discovery followed.—I have another glad surprise for him, but let his own pen, in due time, do justice to his feelings. Yes, my sweet Mary shall confirm his happiness!

What shall I say to Mr. Hamilton, his Louisa, and Mr. Sealy?—They have preserved my child, and that is an act above reward.—I must conclude.—It would be vile to keep you one moment longer than absolute necessity shall exact ignorant of an event which will, I trust, enliven every future hour.—Adieu, my dear inestimable friends. Adieu, the brother of my lost Adeline. And oh! adieu, sweet child of my renewed hope.—Your transported

GODFREY ST. LEGER.

And ah! good Mr. Hamilton, accept in every worthy name, the affectionate remembrance of your ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

Journal

*Journal of ADOLPHUS continued.**August 17.*

As some few weeks must elapse before the father of — (what must I stile her? Would I were empowered to say, *Miss St. Leger*,) can arrange his affairs so as to permit his embarkation for England, I shall endeavour to check the current of my hopes and wishes in the contemplation and recital of those ardent disturbers of life's phlegmatic tide.—But first let me communicate particulars of a circumstance so necessary to the recovery of my long-lost peace. You have been told that my protector has announced himself as general St. Leger; and that, in consequence of his friendly endeavours to remove the despondency I so deservedly suffered, that valued name escaped my lips. But to describe the agonising rapture of his heart, the tears he could not restrain, the fervour of his embraces, or his pious gratitude, would

would be not merely unnecessary, but impossible. In an evening's walk among the stately trees, which lend not only a magnificence to the scene but the most comfortable refreshment to the wearied slave, he unfolded the cause of that absence which had strengthened the report of his death.

The strict pursuit which followed the general's unfortunate defeat induced him, by way of ensuring the liberty he every moment expected to lose, to throw off the insignia of his profession and rank in the army, which he left among the wounded, who were scattered on the fatal field, and, snatching up an old great coat, that providentially had been dropped on the hill, he hastened towards the Blue Mountains, which he reached on the third day. The approach of some natives seemed to promise a change in his melancholy situation; and, as it was now become desperate, from pain, fatigue, sorrow, and famine,

he ventured to solicit their pity and relief. They were immediately granted, and for several weeks he continued with these friendly people. But, unable to exist without the intelligence his affectionate heart panted to receive respecting his family, this noble fugitive took the road to New-York, disguised in the most effectual manner, and wrote to Jamaica. The silence of his lady gave him the keenest anxiety. He wrote again. His letter was answered, but it was by Abrams, who, previous to the battle, announced his intention of quitting Boston for Jamaica. The wretch's answer almost deranged his faculties, for it positively assured him of the demise of Mrs. St. Leger and daughter. However, he determined to sail for Jamaica, to settle those affairs which he feared his defection from his king might have endangered; but he was accused of holding treasonable correspondence, and a long and tedious
im-

imprisonment followed; at the expiration of which he again wrote to Abrams, unwilling to believe the testimony of a man whose want of integrity was but too well known. The monster, who doubtless hoped he should hear no more of the general, whose extensive fortunes he had appropriated to his own purposes, though under the sanction of being guardian to the young lady, informed him that his property had been totally seized, and that Clarence, whom the general had anxiously enquired for, was nowhere to be found. Dispirited and oppressed by his various troubles, the unhappy gentleman lost every desire to develop circumstances which even carried an air of improbability, and he sunk into a listless inattentive state, the effect of despair and sickness. From this he was in some little degree roused by an apprehension of poverty, as he had for some

time subsisted upon the bounty of those generous Americans who knew him only as an unfortunate sufferer, emancipated from confinement by their humane intercessions. The brilliancy of his talents, at sudden but not frequent periods, breaking through the gloom of a disturbed mind, induced these invaluable friends to propose a voyage to Guadaloupe, as they conceived change of situation might not only enliven him, but prove of service both to their own concerns and his emolument. Pleased with the place and his reception, he revived, entered into employment, and again wrote to Abrams, but to no purpose. He then prepared once more to sail for Jamaica, and was again disappointed. A gentleman lately arrived from that place opened a scene of horror to this devoted sufferer. Abrams, though embarked in an English vessel, had artfully given out his intention of re-
siding

riding in France, with a view to mislead the general, should he discover the vile frauds practised upon him; and his informer acquainted Mr. St. Leger with the recent death of his wife and the departure of Abrams with his daughter; the name of the ship he had forgotten. After the rage excited by this shocking account of treachery so complete and so truly unexpected was abated, he determined to go to France in pursuit of this wretch; and, leaving the plantations to some able hands, took the first packet that sailed, and was absent eight months upon an unsuccessful search. He then returned, but not till he had visited England, where the obscurity of Abrams proved his security, and he continued safe.

Foiled in every attempt, Mr. St. Leger gave up all hope of ever hearing either of his fortune or his child, and, under the impression of a fixed melancholy, he felt

every change of station indifferent, whether it made for or against his temporal interest. Judge then how forcibly my intelligence must affect those feelings which despair had rendered almost torpid.—A brother recovered from the grave,—a child restored in all the blaze of feminine perfection to his fondest wishes,—and a fortune waiting his presence to enable him to gratify every benevolent purpose of his soul.

I might have observed, the general still retains the name of Vincent, which he assumed from the period of his escape, and which he means to continue while on this island.

His impatience, his eagerness, to visit a kingdom replete with such blessings is not only natural, but, to an impetuous disposition, appears highly commendable.—Would I could with equal rapture count the wasting hours!—But I have thrown
away

away every hope of renewed happiness.—Selfish Adolphus!—Hast thou not *friends*, whose felicity ought to be the basis of thy own? Well, then, I will try to be happy. And yet, what a drawback does the remembrance of my own follies impose upon this intention.—Oh! that Berisford! what infatuation!—Unfortunate Lestock, too.—Much do I fear she owes to him the art, the hypocrisy, the censurable policy, to which I had nearly fallen a victim.—*Fool! Fool!* to suppose—but I must banish retrospection.—Sweet *St. Leger!* mayest thou have discovered, before it was too late, the vices of *him* who has ruined thy once valued friend.

The subject was too painful to pursue. I quitted it for one not less melancholy though more mysterious. This Oran crosses me continually. I meet him every where, but only as a shadow, which, gliding from the view, gives fancy room to exert her mimic powers upon,—Unlike

the common negroes, he wears the dress of a European sailor.—He gazes at me till I get almost near enough to discern his features, and then darts through the wood, over the hill, or along the plain, with a rapidity which outstrips the agility of youth. It was but this morning I entered the grove of cocoas, which Mr. St. Leger has permitted to stand, as a refreshing shade, on the south side of his extensive garden, and, at the farther end, perceived a sailor asleep upon his face. I approached with caution, and had almost reached the spot, when a little English spaniel, to whom I am particularly partial, barked so loud as to awaken the man.—He started up.—It was Oran.—He stood still.—I advanced slowly.—“ Stop, my friend, (I “ cried, in the language of Tonouwah,) “ you seem distressed. Say, can I assist “ you?—*I* am not a stranger to misfor- “ tune, and fear you are—”

“ A

"A slave," said he, gnashing his teeth, and clasping his hands, which he raised to heaven with a look of reproach, as if he would accuse the Immortal of injustice; and then, throwing himself over a fence, into a path leading to the plantation, left me scarcely less afflicted than himself. . .

The Nineteenth.

Oran has escaped; and for ever deprives me of a gratification which, I once hoped, would at least have satisfied a curiosity restless and ardent. Strict search is making for him. The general, with his usual humanity, forbids the exertion of any severity, should it even be necessary to the security of his person; rather chusing to lose him entirely than to owe the possession of a slave to arbitrary cruelty. "I have been told, (said he to me,) that the fullness of a negro was proof against every attempt to reconcile him to his situation without force, and was determined to make a trial upon the first

“ first I should purchase. As some singu-
 “ lar circumstances attended this man’s
 “ captivity, I thought it a good opportu-
 “ nity to satisfy the doubts I had encou-
 “ raged. His ferocity, pride, and obsti-
 “ nacy, united to piercing melancholy,
 “ gave but little assistance to my plan.—
 “ But when I ordered, in his hearing, that
 “ his work should be proportioned to his
 “ inclination, and that he was at liberty to
 “ go and come as he liked, the look of
 “ gratitude he assumed convinced me I
 “ was not wholly wrong ; and his subse-
 “ quent conduct strengthened my former
 “ opinion, for my overseers informed me
 “ that he toiled incessantly, when only un-
 “ der their notice and that of his compa-
 “ nions ; but, on the arrival of any Euro-
 “ pean, he immediately fled into the
 “ woods.”

Astonishing this ! I feel more than ever
 desirous of interrogating this poor fellow.

Sep.

September 1.

Poor unhappy Oran! He has several times been traced, but without success; and the orders of their master have hitherto prevented his pursuers from exercising any effectual means for taking him. Adieu, then, unfortunate creature! Adieu to every hope of developing the fate of my lost parent. And, finally, adieu to these sultry climates, where willing industry is enfeebled by a burning sun, and the muscles of robust health relaxed by labour.

To Mr. LESTOCK from FRANCIS BERIS-
FORD, Esq.

Bedford-Square, September 1.

FAIRLY dish'd, by Jupiter.—All's up.—The chances are a thousand to one in favour of my adopting the fashionable method of paying my debts with a *pop*.—Mettle to the last, old one.—But what's to be done?—Cooped up with a little

little extravagant gilt!—Faith, Lestock, this is no time to dissemble.—The African might have supported her without injury to his fortune: But a fellow of spirit, like me, has enough to do with two thousand a year.—Come, come, don't be angry.—Take her home for the present; and, if Adolphus return, she may be a lady yet.—Hark ye, Lestock, while you listen to the common cant of “hard times,—rack-rents, — poor crops — small incomes — and large families,”—*I* may bite my lips at New-market, in envy to those who enjoy a full purse, make high bets, and rattle through riotous days and convivial nights.—Talk of charity! Why it was but last week I subscribed 100 guineas to get poor Barry out of prison. And though the wise-ones will tell us debts of honour are bribes for the devil, that's nothing to me. If my friend is in distress, where's the odds whether it be produced by a venture on the turf, or an attention to the wants of every poor toad who can trump up a tale
of

of poverty.—Once more, go to Hampton, and from thence to Aylesford. Plead my cause. For money I *must* have or—you may expect to see me squeezing a dirty face and long beard through the bars of some infernal prison, with, *Pray remember the poor debtors.*—Or kicking my heels in the tap-room of Newgate among—No.—No.—Not while bullets, halters, or even razors, are to be had.—Do now prithee, Lestock, try this once. Fortune may change sides, and then you shall be rewarded with interest. Yours,

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

To FRANCIS BERISFORD, *Esq. from D.*
LESTOCK.

Mr. BERISFORD,

SIR, *Hampton, September 4.*

YOU acccuse my poor dear unfortunate child unjustly. What has she done to be thus cast off? How have you deceived her, me, and the injured Mr.

Mr. Adolphus! — Little did I think you had totally ruined her character in taking her to France, and afterwards keeping her in your house, when I imagined she was with my sister.—But let her come home, poor thing; I shall not upbraid her. For with sorrow I find we have *all* been dupes to your extravagance, so shall immediately send up my accounts, which will not be easily settled, as your continual demands for money have generally obliged me to supply them from my own earnings till the quarters came round. It may be proper to inform your honour, that Workington, who sold you the two hunters and your six bays, has employed bailiffs to find you out.—I am, with respect, your honour's dutiful servant,

D. LESTOCK.

To Mr. LESTOCK from FRANCIS BERIS-
FORD, Esq.

Carey-Street, Lincoln's-inn-Fields.

AH! villain! Is this your duty? Arrested.—Insulted.—No prospect but of iron bars and impudent duns! “More stuff in the office, your honour,” said the horrible governour of this enchanted castle, when I demanded if there was any thing else against me.

“At whose suit?”

“Your honour’s steward, one Mr. Lestock.”

Do you suppose I did not swear, excrete, and kick the vile informer.—Why you hypocritical rascal! you, who never boggled at any noble project, while your own pitiful carcase was safe; who enjoyed the storm of every bold attempt, while lying snug under the protection of my authority;—you, who could so quietly connive at every scheme for your daughter’s advantage,

advantage, even to the taking in of the injured Mr. *Adolphus*, nor feared trusting her with an honest fellow! like me, who you *knew* despised the formal cant of virtue, delicacy, and such stuff;—you to pretend compunction, because your own purse can no longer be replenished from mine! And then your warning against Workington, while your base soul was contriving a more complete ruin.—Mean fordid wretch! May I never draw bit again, if I am not revenged.—Barry will procure bail for me, and then beware the offended

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

From the same, to Captain BARRY.

Cary-Street Spunging-House.

COME this moment with two of your friends; I must find bail, or distraction will seize yours,

FRANCIS BERISFORD.

P. S.

P. S. Lestock is a fiend.—Sported with the produce of a good estate ; but, when I wanted a few hundreds, no cash to be had ; pretended poverty ; and now—arrests me for my own.

*To FRANCIS BERISFORD, Esq. from Captain
BARRY.*

CAPTAIN Barry's compliments to Mr. Berisford, is extremely concerned he cannot release him from his present situation so disagreeable. Would be happy to return the obligation Mr. B. so recently conferred, but is necessitated to join his regiment, which requires such an expence to do genteely as utterly to preclude his wish to serve a worthy fellow. — Takes the liberty to recommend a mode of procuring bail much practised by such as unfortunately cannot command a better method, namely, to apply to gentlemen who, by the help of a decent coat, a great deal of assurance, and a defiance of

VOL. II. K the

the pillory, will, for a sum in hand, make no scruple of helping those that cannot help themselves.—Barry encourages the idea that such are easily to be met with in every lock-up house in London.—Hopes to receive Mr. Berisford at Kilkenny, when he has shaken off the curb he so uneasily endures, where wine, gallantry, cards, and horses, will soon teach him to forget this temporary disgrace.

St. James's-Street, August 8.

To ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, Esq. from —

SIR,

Carey-Street.

THIS is to let your honour know that squire Berisford, who I nabb'd, at the suits of Mr. Workinkton and one Mr. Lestock, for the separate sums of 1000l. and 8000l. called me up stairs the night before last to make a proposal of searching the office, which I did this morning, and found seven considerable creditors

creditors had lodged detainers against him.—He swore dreadfully, and was going to serve me as he did once before, but I got out of his way;—for he is a mighty passionate man, your honour.—Well, about noon yesterday he sent for me up again. I went, and he ordered dinner, was pretty calm, but looked somehow very fierce and wild. At five, my wife and I carried up a fowl, some fish, and a tart, (for we have every thing more genteeler than any house of the sort,) but he eat but little, and, after drinking a bumper of brandy, which he generally did to keep up his spirits, as the saying is, poor gentleman, three or four times a day, he went to writing again, for I saw he had been at it all the morning.—About ten, my wife went up again; for we had a sort of a demur all the afternoon about a very troublesome gentleman, which prevented my looking in upon the squire;—and there she found him, your honour, stone cold, as

the saying is, and the bottle of brandy, which we had left by him, quite empty. At the bottom of the tumbler, which stood on the table, was something, which I since found to be *lodinham*. A surgeon who I have under my care bled him, but to no purpose. — I wrote all this to convince your honour we had no hand in this unlucky business, and to beg your honour would advise me what to do. And I am your honour's most *obsequious* servant to command.

P. S. The inclosed letter lay upon the squire's table.

To ADOLPHUS HAMILTON, *Esq.*

From my Prison.

THOUGH I know the name of Berisford has long been hateful to you and yours, yet the consideration of its being the last time the sight of it will mortify those who have reason to detest it may possibly lessen its ignominy in your estimation. Not that I repent.—No.—No.—Not such a sneaker as that neither.

—I

—I have lived the life of a fellow of spirit, and only lament the loss of those means which might have prolonged it.

You knew me when I possessed a clear two thousand a year. Health, friends, fortune; youth to enjoy pleasure, and cash to purchase it. I laughed at the sober, ridiculed the grave, gambled with the dissipated, and made the most of a strong constitution. But this could not last.—'Tis true, Lestock supplied me with money, but my demands were too frequent for his avarice; too large for his cunning to evade, without discovering more of his ill-got gains than was consistent with his scheme of building himself up upon my ruin.—At this time your African came in my way.—Quite a gudgeon.—I threw out my hook, well baited with charity,—he snapped eagerly,—and, under the pretence of paying a debt for Lestock, he joined his name to mine in the note you paid.—The bets at New-

market were a dead take in. Barry,—fieze him ye fiends!—Barry went halves in the noble sum.—I was tired of Sally Lestock.—Miss St. Leger's fortune excited me to make an attempt that way. But I saw Adolphus, though so young, possessed her heart.—I likewise discovered the attachment was mutual, though neither of them understood any thing of the matter.—Abrams was then applied to, but the old rogue was too wary. Could do nothing there.—They say the poor devil had courage enough to die like a gentleman. I could forgive him a thousand faults for that one noble act; however, Sally whimpered, Adolphus whined, and I blustered. A promise of marriage was obtained; and, from the neglect which followed, I imagine the silly fellow repented.—Should it be so, indeed whether or not, I am determined to do one piece of justice, in inclosing the promise.—Or, should not I say one piece of *venge?*—

venge?—Be it so.—A calm moment makes me blush for what I have written. Another libation to Bacchus, in the form of a bumper of brandy.—And now I proceed—Cards, dice, horses, &c. have now, with the help of my steward, completed the business.—My farm at —— is gone. The mortgage foreclosed. A good five hundred yearly income gone into other hands.—Another, of three hundred, has been sold three years since.—And my debts amount to—. Oh! curse it, I cannot bear the retrospection.—Another glass, and then.—So.—Who's afraid?—Let me see, am I not at confession? My debts.—Ay.—Ten, eleven, twelve, thousand pounds.—Monstrous!—And not one friend to stand forth as bail.—Barry,—how it stings!—I called him a friend. I contributed to his release.—Still abominably stupid, by Jove.—So, here's dinner.—Can't eat.—But this is the liquor of life.—Methinks I could sleep.—Sleep,? Ay,

for ever. What and leave this gay world, to be nothing, after all? Stop, Berisford. Thou art an injured man; and thou *hast* injured, whom?—Thyself!—Should not Barry be punished? And who is to do it, if—— Well, but let him go.—In another world, perhaps.—Another world!—Oh! sickening thought! What can it do for me?—*Punish me.*—My father, my father, I broke thy heart.—Adolphus, I have ruined thee.—Sally, thou once wert innocent.—Should there be another world!—What then? Why, thy fate is decided, Frank Berisford. And yet wherefore should I fear to abide by the system of my betters? “Free—“ thinking.”—“ Liberty of opinion.”—Fashionable terms, but will they serve my purpose now? No matter. Here is a cordial for every sorrow.—Deep, deep, let me drink of its contents. And now ’tis done.—Courage, Berisford; thou wilt soon be beyond the reach of merciless creditors and false friends.—My brain swims.

Sick,—

Sick,—sick at heart.—Heavy, stupid, gloomy,—but resolved.—Should I live, poverty, shame, and it may be temptations to do more evil, stare me in the face.—Another glass, and then.—Worse and worse.—I must conclude.—Adieu, sir. Let me say, that, notwithstanding I do not mean to live,—nay, the blow is struck,—I congratulate and envy, even envy, those who cheerfully bear every affliction, in the comfortable hope of a happy hereafter. And, in these my last moments, let me caution all who, like me, have brought themselves to a state which hardly admits of an alternative, not to give way to the suggestions of—Oh! I can write no more. . . . Again, I am somewhat recovered.—If there *be* a God, will he not have mercy? Oh! Mr. Hamilton, *what have I done?*

To Miss ST. LEGER, from Miss HAMILTON.

Hampton, Sep^r. 11.

THE inclosed letters* will doubtless awaken, in my dear Mary Ann's bosom, every emotion pity and horror can inspire. I will make no comments on a subject, the frequency of which cannot lessen the terror it creates. — Wretched Berisford! Mr. Hamilton received the shocking intelligence with a tear, and hastened to the bailiff's, in the vague hope of rendering him some essential service. — Vague indeed. — For the quantity of laudanum he had swallowed precluded every possibility of restoring the vital functions, and my brother had only to give directions respecting the disposal of the corpse, with orders for a bill of the deceased's expences while under confinement, and left the house just as the jury entered.

* See the two preceding.

Mr.

Mr. Lestock called, during Mr. Hamilton's absence, and seemed more desirous to exonerate himself from any injustice in the management of Berisford's affairs than affected by the late dreadful termination of his existence. I could not be polite to a wretch of his description, and left him abruptly. Sally is returned to her vile father, nor is she hypocrite enough to profess any sorrow for the death of a man whose fortune she will, by the chicane of Lestock, most probably be the better for.—Indeed, from the information of a gentleman who is well acquainted with the poor suicide's careless arrangement, we have certain reason to suppose he has given his steward a bond and judgement, which not only supercedes every other creditor's claim, but will appropriate the whole of his master's possessions.

Adieu, my love. I am sent for to Mr. Hamilton. Tell our good Mr. Hawkins
that

140 SLAVERY: OR,

that we earnestly wish to see his crutch decorating the bath, which has been rendered memorable by the restoration of many an invalid, and from which may he return in renewed health to his very faithful

LOUISA HAMILTON.

From the same, to the Rev. Mr. HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

THE inclosed papers* will account for my eager request that you will use the utmost caution in disclosing their contents to your niece.—I felicitate the dear creature, my worthy friend, her father; our recovered Adolphus, and all who are interested in this delightful event. Ever your real friend,

LOUISA HAMILTON.

* See the general's letter, and journal of Adolphus.

Rev.

Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS, to Miss HAM-
MILTON.

Crescent, Bath, October 15.

WHEN our recent calamities bowed my spirit with anguish, and I sought for consolation in expressive complaints, the language of sorrow was unconstrained; but what words are adequate to the sense of happiness so vast, so comprehensive, and so unexpected? I could, in the first instance, pour out the effusions of a wounded soul in prayer; I could appropriate the scourge of affliction to the chastisement of error, and blessed the hand which inflicted the salutary punishment. But now, grateful, ardent, nay enraptured, neither the flights of fancy, the dictates of prudence, nor the decision of judgement, are sufficient to lend a suitable vigour to thankful acknowledgement, and I am ready to say, with the excellent Thomson,

Come, then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

Oh!

Oh! madam, we kneel, we weep.—
My sweet girl embraces me, sheds tears
on my bosom, while she softly wipes my
aged cheek, then exclaims, with pious
tendernefs, “ Oh! my mother, dear long-
“ lost parent, look down on your happy
“ daughter. And oh! my father, may
“ Providence safely guide you to a tender
“ brother, a dutiful child.”

“ But does not my Mary rejoice at the
“ *means* by which this blessed discovery
“ has been made ?”

She blushes. “ Ah! my uncle, do you
“ think—”

“ What, my dear ?”

“ Why, that the welfare of your A-
“ dolphus is not precious to my heart ?”
—I fold her in my arms—while she he-
sitatingly whispers, “ Dearest uncle, how
“ indulgent you are to my weakness.”

And thus, dear lady, have we passed the
moments since your letter arrived. Mary
Ann would have written, but I wish her to
defer

defer it, as my physician allows me to leave this health-restoring place in a few days, when I hope to present to you a dear, grateful, excellent, girl, who joins me in the most affectionate remembrance of those friends to whom she is indebted for so large a share of felicity, as well as your obliged and obedient

RICHARD HAWKINS.

ADOLPHUS to Captain L'HEUREUX.

Sept. 23, dated at Sea, off Martinico.

HOW inexplicable are my feelings, dearest sir! Even at the moment I bless the rising breeze, which swiftly bears me towards Europe, my heart is charged with regret for those I leave behind. Mr. Cumberland, captain L'Heureux, the unhappy Oran, all take part in the sighs I vent for a beloved parent. The good general indulges me in the habit of reflection; and when I apologize for leaving him alone, or preserve a gloomy silence,

silence, he smiles, and says, "No offence, Adolphus; I once could quit the kindest society for an hour's contemplation."

Oh! sir, I feel I am yet an African; still possess the *amor patriæ*.—A circumstance takes place this morning which rouses every spark of compassion, resentment, and event rage. I am no longer cool, quiet, patient. My blood boils; my heart beats; I tremble; nay, am ready to weep.—It must not be.—They will whip him. My friend has no interest. He intercedes, I expostulate, in vain. The poor negro!—In one hour he is to undergo a severe punishment. He may be wrong.—Yes, I believe he is.—His master, a refugee of immense fortune, who touched at Martinico in his passage from France, which he left on account of the unhappy situation of that country, has purchased several slaves, and, not being able to bear the climate, means to return and settle in Jersey.—

Jersey.—One of these fellows proves sul-
len, obstinate, and even refuses to eat.
This is certainly wrong; for it cannot be
denied but that every gentle means have
been tried with him.—No, I fear he is too
proud.—*Pride*, Adolphus?—Is that cen-
surable?—Is he not a captive? *Thy* coun-
tryman?—And ought he to submit to dis-
cipline?—Yes; if, cowardly and mean,
he can dread a noble deliverance.—But
they say he fears not death.—Brave Afri-
can, thou shalt be free.

Hark! I hear a struggling.—He
passes my door.—They drag him by
his chain.—I must look at him. . . .

Oh! sir, it is Oran, wretched Oran.—
He shall *not* be punished.—The crew is
summoned.—Stay, let me think which way.
—Oran, I will save thee, though *thy* pu-
nishment should be *mine*. . . .

I *have* saved *him*!—I *have* saved —
Who?—Oh! sir. —

Continued by the General.

October 18.

DEAR L'Heureux, the weakness of my poor young friend has, at his earnest request, procured you a new correspondent. I wish him to stay till he can write the particulars of an event fit only for the fiery genius of an African to describe, but he says the subject will always be too powerful for his feelings, which would not only give an air of improbability to it, but deprive it of the cool regularity necessary to narration. May be so. Yet, to say truth, a cold recital will not convey the ideas I would wish to enforce; therefore I shall endeavour, as nearly as possible, not only to follow his style, but to take the advantage of a retentive memory, and give the words, manner, and actions, of the chief performers in this interesting business.—

business.—To begin, then.—It was indeed the wretched Oran, who, you have heard, escaped from my plantation about seven weeks since, that alarmed our impetuous Adolphus, as above, and who, attempting to get from the island, was seized by the boat's crew of a slave-ship, carried on-board, and, upon his refusing to answer any interrogations respecting his former master, was publickly sold before the mast to a Monsieur D'Etrees. From this period his behaviour was really culpable.—An obstinate invariable silence, and a continual rejection of his food, determined the Frenchman to try the effect of a trifling discipline, but he endured the whip without shrinking, or the smallest change of countenance.—This was previous to his leaving Martinico. —Weak with fasting and affliction, the unhappy man, when he came on-board, seemed careless as to his future fate, and it was only the third day

after we were shipped that our captain prescribed a vigorous exercise of the *cat*, as the only radical cure for such inflexible obstinacy. This intention was communicated to Oran, with the alternative of a free forgiveness, if he would change his conduct. A stern and savage smile informed his features. The expression was terrible. But he spoke not.—The pain, the disgrace, was hinted at.—

“Disgrace!—Have I not been *whipped*?” He then turned his head aside, nor would utter another word.

The Frenchman vowed revenge. The captain encouraged it. Adolphus—but he describes his own feelings.—I was truly concerned for this unlucky business; and, when Oran was brought upon deck, I applied to his passions, his reason;—aggravated the torments he must endure.—He listened. —His countenance changed. A steady serenity took place of the awful gloom.

gloom. "Well, then, (said he in English,) they will kill me, perhaps."

"Do you wish to die, Oran?"

"Die!"—and he advanced one foot towards me.

"What, die under the lash?"—Looking irresolute.—"Give me but a weapon."

Oh! sir, at this moment Adolphus approached—Oran looked stedfastly at him. "I am going to die, sir," said he.—

The sailors advanced to strip and tie him up. Adolphus seized him, and, grasping his hand with a convulsive struggle, was about to speak; but, his strength failing him, he could only gaze with the air of a maniac,—when suddenly Oran exclaimed—"Stand off, monsters." And, eagerly addressing our youth,—"You are an African.—I am not to be deceived.—Give me the power of liberation."

"I thank thee.—Now thou art

L 3

"my

“ my friend indeed.—Adieu.—May we
 “ we meet beyond the mountains.—
 “ There I will be thy father, and thou
 “ shalt be as the child of my heart, the
 “ saviour of my honour.”

Adolphus sunk against him, unable to express the agitation of his soul.—Oran clasped him like one who was about to bid adieu to life. But the captain, determined he should suffer, exclaimed, “ Separate them this instant, and bring the culprit hither.”

“ Well, then, (said the victim,) “ since it must be so,” looking about with an air of majesty, “ Prepare your tortures, savages; but know, they shall only open the path of death to the once noble ZIMZA, king of Tonouwah.” Then, extending the hand which was at liberty, he attempted, with a clasp knife, given him,—horrible present!—by his only child, to make good his awful purpose.

pose. Adolphus revived,—looked up at him, and, catching the fatal weapon from the hand to which he had given it, unknowing, in that disguise, the revered object of mistaken heroism, grasped him still closer, and cried — “Nature ! nature !—
“Thy suggestions are realised.”

It is impossible to be minute on this part of my subject. It is sufficient to say, every sailor seemed ready to dispute the commands of his captain, had he enforced his former orders. Even M. D'Etree's wiped away a tear ; while *I*, the son of sorrow, was almost overwhelmed.—Poor Adolphus relapsed, and was carried away insensible. Zimza (no longer Oran) was immediately released, and followed his child to the cabin, nor once quitted his bed till returning sense convinced the idolising father that his son was in less danger. He then cheerfully partook of the refreshments we set before him, and every feature spoke gratitude and joy. * M.

D'Etrees commissioned me to apologize for the treatment this injured king had received. But Zimza would not let me proceed.—“All is well, (said he.) But “let the Europeans know, there is no difference between the *feelings* of an African and his prince, whatever education, “principles, or superior virtues, may “induce.—*You*, sir, have studied this “doctrine. Could Zimza’s dignity have “sunk to contented slavery, never would “he have known another master.”

However we may contend for the necessity of supposing every negro to be possessed of ingratitude, obstinacy, or laziness, this man’s conduct totally militates against the general idea.—Even when hopeless of retrieving his liberty, how docile and industrious he was upon my plantations, except when a generous disdain of his degraded state made him so eagerly shun the appearance of a stranger!—And now, with what *noble humility*, if I may couple the
terms,

terms, does he express the highest obligation to me for my former indulgence and present services. I think you once, in a transient view of him, expressed much admiration of his form and figure; but, could you behold him in a complete military uniform, you would be ready to prefer him to the finest European nature ever created. The thoughtful majesty that beams in his eyes, the exact harmony of his features, and the grandeur of his soul, which informs every action, inspire one with a sort of veneration none but Zimza could create, and none but Adolphus is likely to equal.—The youth, by means of a journal he has written, from time to time, till he conceived this lamented parent was no more, has given him a clear and succinct account of his errors, misfortunes, sentiments, and principles.—Zimza turns to me his fine eyes, sparkling through a tear.—“Certainly (said he) “a superficial judge of my son’s behaviour

“viour, taken from the moment of his
“departure from Tonouwah, would be
“apt to pronounce it inconsistent, rash,
“and even contradictory; but those
“who have looked into a human heart,
“unbiaſſed by cold restraining caution,
“alive to every benevolent ſenſation, and
“ready to draw ſudden and undiſtin-
“guiſhing concluſions from momentary
“impreſſions, will be free to confeſs, the
“youth has but acted in conſequence of
“his title to the above character.—I am
“ſtrengthened in this deciſion by the pe-
“ruiſal of his journal.—For, allow him
“*pride*, and the developement of his
“conduct becomes eaſy.—Give but a pro-
“per allowance to that paſſion, and who
“more generous and gentle than Adol-
“phus?—How candid in his confeſſions!
“How warm in his friendſhip, even al-
“moſt to his temporal deſtruction!—
“How affectionate to Sambo and Omra!
“—How humble to his ſuperiors, and
“duteous

“duteous to his parent!”——He stopped, and wiped his manly cheek. “And yet, (he added,) though I once thought “no European could be worthy of my “son, I doubt, fallen as he is in the eye “of prudence, whether he dare look up “to *your* daughter.”

My answer gave this extraordinary man real pleasure, and it is hard to say which of the three is most delighted. Though there is a humiliating expression in the countenance of our young friend, which the beams of hope are scarcely strong enough to banish.—He presses my hand, —looks with diffidence, and cries, “Oh! “sir, will you—will you be my advocate “with——”

I stop him.—“No, no, Adolphus; “plead for yourself.—In causes like this “the plaintiff is the best council.”

Yesterday we arrived in Finsbury-Square. But I should have gratified you with an instance of the gallant generosity
of

of Monsieur D'Etrees. When our vessel dropped anchor before Jersey, he came upon deck, where Zimza was conversing with his son, and taking his hand, offered it to us both, saying, " I have now the
 " supreme pleasure of restoring liberty to
 " the man on earth who can best deserve
 " it. The most exemplary father to a du-
 " tiful son, and the noblest of Africans to
 " an Englishman not less noble."

Adolphus bent his knee to the disinterested Frenchman, while Zimza, with a look of gratitude, pressed my hand, and bowed his thanks for a liberation so gracefully performed.

I shall give up the pen to your favourite, Adolphus, after calling upon you to congratulate the happiest circle of friends that ever met, and am your sincere and faithful

GODFREY ST. LEGER.

To Captain L'HEUREUX, from ADOLPHUS.

Finsbury-Square, December 24.

WHAT return can I make my inestimable protector for the implicit confidence he placed in a creature deserted, as he imagined, at that painful period, even by his God!—Yes, sir, the darkness of my mind admitted not a ray of hope to illumine the dismal scene.—I was about to plunge into eternity.—I had set my foot upon the extremest verge.—Every support gave way.—I felt myself falling.—But the Being I had offended, the Providence I had insulted, held out the means of safety, while he exposed to my astonished view the hideous appearance of my corrupted heart! I shrunk back; started with horror from the precipice, and once more gained firm footing; while *your* tenderness gave me additional encouragement to bear the evils I had brought upon myself.

myself. What return, then, I repeat, can be made for such goodness? Merely this; to gratify your benevolent heart by a recital of every event which has followed the general's communications, as well as to give you a summary relation of my beloved father's sufferings, from the time of his being betrayed on-board the *Louis* to the morning of that blessed discovery; and this I believe will be more easily completed by taking a copy of his journal, which he contrived to secure, as the sole article of property the cruel wretches did not take.

ZIMZA's Journal.

Martinico, 12th Moon.

I WOULD divest myself of prejudice; I would look upon mankind as inheriting the same vices, the same passions

fions and appetites.—I would say, interest governs the world.—It makes the Africans unnatural betrayers of their fellow-creatures, deceitful and tyrannous; while it induces the Europeans to be savage, greedy, and selfish. But when I would reason, indignation overpowers argument, and prevents the balance from fairly preponderating. Yet be patient, O my soul, while I try to arrange the materials of my sad story, and endeavour to give conclusive evidence against—ah! dreadful!—against my own countrymen.—Unhappy Zinza, thou hadst reigned too long.—Easy, paternal, sincere, the protector of thy betrayers! Confiding, and too careless, I suffered myself to be tempted on-board a European ship.—And, when there, manacled, insulted, reproached.—Could I bear it?—A prince,—royal,—unused to controul? But a friendly storm avenged my injuries. I thought it friendly, when
it

it empowered me to take advantage of the neglect of the sailors, and throw myself upon the mercy of the boiling waves. For some minutes I was suspended by a broken fetter; but a fellow commissioned to seek me, (for I was directly missed,) in trying to disentangle the chain, let go his hold, and I fell into the sea.—The encreasing tempest, as it prevented any attempt to force me back to slavery and bondage, so it forwarded my deliverance, by tossing me upon a well-known shore, on which it was expected the vessel would be wrecked. With little difficulty I obtained the dry land. Day broke. My soul exulted in her recovered freedom, and I hastened to a party who were apparently forcing several people towards the sea-side.

This party was composed —of—my own subjects!—The prisoners were from Dahomy. I stood still, in a doubtful state
of

of perplexity.—They advanced, discovered me, and, shouting violently . . .

No, there is no accounting for this general want of faith and probity.—For who can exculpate the servants of the king they would destroy? Nay, far worse, whom they sold for—a *slave*?

With unsuspecting honesty I mixed with the traitors, and quietly travelled with them to the Gambia. A slave-ship was riding at anchor.—The men landed.—The prisoners were sold.—I was shocked, but could not prevent it, and, execrating this injustice, turned to leave them.—But the Frenchmen seized me.—I could not resist,—and saw the purchase of Zimza paid into the hands of his subjects! . . .

Once more a captive, I scorned complaint, and was a third time sold, at our arrival at Martinico, to an Englishman, a gentleman, a Christian!—Unconfined, I am permitted to chuse my employment; to ramble at will about the vast woods and
VOL. II. M plains.—

plains.—But I must not be ungrateful. I will work.—They indulge me in the gratification of my dislike to the presence of a stranger,—nor insist upon my submitting to the gaze of unfeeling curiosity.—

Who can divest youth of its ardent propensity to elucidate mystery?—The situation of my mind communicates a gloom to my features, a ferocity to my manners, that unites the attention of—my—and is it so?—Yes.—My *master's* visitors, one of which watches me continually—He was near surprising me yesterday, but was disappointed.—Foolish and ungenerous, thus to press upon the retirement of wretchedness.—Distinguished by wealth and freedom, let him enjoy his privileges, nor seek to deprive me of the only blessing I can enjoy.——

It is too much, the cup of misery overflows.—I have seen the counterpart of—of my Adolphus!—Air, form, features!—He entreats me to stop.—His voice, too! —per-

—persuasive, mellow, manly. — How roughly I answered. How sternly I looked. He called again.—I fled, more distressed than ever.—Ah! may I never more behold the copy of an original—who—Distraction. . . . Well, there is consolation yet. Though the parent groans in bondage, the son is free, and let me say, happy.

This phantom, brought hither merely to supply additional torments to Zimza's soul, pursues me to my extremest refuge. It was but this morning he called me *friend*.—He offered assistance.—Friendship from him, I cannot bear it—and in the moment I was tempted to embrace him as a son, I fled him as a monster. . . .

Now, then, adieu to liberty and life.—Nor food nor speech shall ever pass these lips.—I must die.—Comfortless, restless, and mortified, with the officious attention of a youth, whose curiosity deprived me of the precious hour of solitude, I fled—

left the master whom a *prince* scarce needs blush to own, and wandered, wild and unthinking, to the shore, where even misery itself received the addition of aggravated torment, and I am now in the power of Yes, they have sold me to a Frenchman. We sail for Europe.—Again, mysterious wonder!—In the vessel which conveys my *master*, I have once more seen the phantom, to avoid whom I have thus precipitated myself.—Who can he be?—I am not *his* slave.—Would *he* have captured me in the very instant I was availing myself of the only chance for freedom?—No; no.—Chains! Whips!—Pencil, adieu for ever.

Thus far had he written when he was deprived of the power of continuing his journal, which was scattered in different fragments about the place of his confinement, and the succeeding hours were passed in silent anguish, till his grateful happy Adolphus, by means most awful, saw him restored

restored to life, and every blessing his affectionate heart had given up for ever.

Our voyage was short and prosperous; and, though confined by the effects of surprise, terror, and joy, my hours rolled on enlivened by the attentive tenderness of a beloved father, and the cheerful conversation of our noble friend.

By the time we reached Portsmouth, my renovated health completed this indulgent father's happiness. — But my heart! — Oh! sir, its unequal flutterings! now impelled by fearful prognostication, now actuated by tumultuous hopes! — Hopes supported by the excellent general, fears created by my own unworthiness.

I have spoken of the unfortunate Miss Lestock. — I have reprobated my weakness, in giving a promise my soul dreads to realise. — Zimza listens to my representation. He looks serious. — “Do you perceive (he says) a firm reluctance in yourself to perform a covenant so solemnly made?”

I shrink from an acknowledgement sincerity demands, and hesitate while I confess compassion alone induced my compliance with the unfeminine petition of an indiscreet woman.

“ This mystery time must explain. You
 “ have been to blame, Adolphus; but
 “ your best virtues have been your betray-
 “ ers, and prove how unequal they are to
 “ the cunning of a deluding world, if not
 “ supported by resolution and cool judge-
 “ ment.”

How mild are the censures of the good, and yet how forcible! Thus would my parent have reproved a stranger. To the claims of consanguinity his justice allows no forbearance, nor could even his enemy provoke a wrong decision. The determination I have settled, not to suffer the unhappy girl to feel, in pecuniary instances, the loss of an alliance ambition tempted her to seek, (proportioned however to my future possessions,) has given some relief to my feelings, and I shall prove, in *one* instance

instance at least, that I am Zimza's son.

Do you not expect, my dearest sir, a description of what, in its essence, is undescribable? For who can delineate the features of gratitude, love, joy, fear, pleasure, in their most striking forms and colours? But you will be reasonable, I know, and accept the imperfect traits of a picture which cannot be justly given. And now you are to suppose us landed at Portsmouth, where we immediately procured chaises, after forwarding letters to Finsbury-Square.

In vain my father's tenderness and the general's lively raillery were employed to give me that confidence in the forgiveness of the dear friends I had so much injured, and which was so necessary to divest the dreaded meeting of its terror.—Upon recollection, my purpose will be better answered by enclosing the minutes I have taken from my landing to the present moment.

Portsmouth.

Once more the picturesque scenes of this singular spot present to my reflecting mind the most sublime views. It is true, the fleet no longer gives that noble variety to the eye which not long since, comparatively speaking, charmed, through that optic, every gallant soul, nor are the shores cloathed with the redundant beauties of summer. But there is a majesty in their spotless covering, there is a peculiar brightness in their snowy vestments, that charms the soul with silent contemplation. That hill above the town exhibits a shining mass of silver, to which the sun-beams give a radiant lustre, while they are too weak to change the purity of its appearance.—Along the coast the grandeur of winter is heightened by cottages, churches, trees, and cliffs, breaking the uniformity of the colourless earth.—But how I trifle! What are these considerations to one
whose

whose felicity hangs upon the determination of a few succeeding hours

Guildford.

How indulgent are my venerable companions! They permit me to scribble away the moments I ought to dedicate to their society. With what delight did I hear the good general's arguments, in favour of Christianity, melt, by degrees, my father's opposition to particular tenets of it.—It is not an hour since he declared his intention of uniting the noblest virtues to the most exalted belief.—“ Long (said he) “ have I despised the senseless adoration of “ stocks and stones; and the more, when “ I discovered the same pernicious principle to actuate the African as distinguishes the culpable European. For “ what treachery, though so much reprobated by its victims, can exceed that by “ which I have suffered? Take notice, “ Mr. St. Leger, my heart and spirit shall “ bow

“ bow to the Christian’s God; but no
“ controversial disputes, no casuistical ob-
“ jections, shall lessen my adoration of a
“ being so sublime.—I will worship him
“ as a God of benevolence, who has sacri-
“ ficed his only son to recover those whom
“ sin had misled. I will adore that all-
“ righteous sufferer, who patiently, wil-
“ lingly, nay urgently, gave himself up,
“ a free and spotless victim; but I will
“ have nothing to do with the contradic-
“ tory opinions of such as, in their zeal for
“ a good cause, admit every trifling de-
“ viation to be a foundation for idle dis-
“ tinctions and perhaps dangerous inno-
“ vations, not considering that the one in-
“ variable principle for a Christian to ob-
“ serve, and which I have not yet forgot-
“ ten, is, to do justice, to love mercy,
“ and to walk humbly with his God.”—

Now, Adolphus, thy fate will be de-
cided.—From a chaise, which has driven
rapidly into the yard, descends—Yes, it

is my guardian, and the blessed Mr. Hawkins follows.

All is peace, love, and forgiveness.—I knelt.—My father too.—What humiliation does parental tenderness induce !

“ Thou wouldst have preserved my son,
“ (said he,) and thus accept my thanks for
“ thy more than kind attention.”

Oh ! how it distressed Mr. Hamilton.
—He raised us both. He conducted us
to my tutor.—It was a scene which nothing could exceed, but Mr. St. Leger’s agitation, when his brother, embracing him, cried, “ Your child, our darling,
“ waits at Ripley to receive a father’s
“ blessing.”

Sambo, faithful worthy creature, he
clings to my feet ; he places my father’s
foot upon his neck.—He speaks of Omra,
and weeps bitterly.—He interrupts himself to say,—“ My king, and my prince !
“ They live !—Sambo live too.—He go
“ home, fetch poor Omra.—Ah ! poor
“ Omra !”

“Omra!” — Then he laughs, sings, dances, and weeps again.—“My king betrayed!—He lose his kingdom!—“None fight for Zimza!—O yes.—Me fight.”—What disinterested affection!

I have seen her.—I have heard the accents of her sweet voice.—She too pronounces my pardon.—Sweet creature! who can describe her dutiful manner her extatic reception of her noble parent!—No—silence, tears, embraces—more expressive than the most elegant language, graced this solemn meeting.—

Wretched Berisford! and hast thou dared to affront thy Maker by the dreadful commission of suicide!—I could weep for thee.—Poor, thoughtless, rash—but, shall I reprobate thee—who, if not *quite* so flagitious was yet setting an example terrible to recollection!

How futile, how ill founded were my arguments, at that shocking period, in favour of the wild suggestions of a pusillani-

mous

mous soul!—" It is equally, (said my mis-
 " guided passion,) it is equally disagree-
 " able to labour through a life of poverty,
 " want, or sickness : but slavery, poverty,
 " and pain, united, can hold forth no such
 " horrors as treacherous friendship has
 " inflicted. Well, then, is there not a
 " way to escape the prolongation of these
 " evils?—The Romans were a brave
 " people, and even honoured those who
 " bravely defied the dread of suicide.—
 " Many a noble African has rushed upon
 " the weapon of destruction.—But they
 " were strangers to Christianity.—Even in
 " *this* country, men, rich in the blessings
 " of revealed religion, desperate as Ro-
 " mans, savage as Africans, boldly pro-
 " duce numerous examples of self-mur-
 " der.—Either to courage or cowardice
 " must this propensity be owing:—And
 " who ever branded Cato with want of
 " intrepidity? — Who ever accused the
 " noble

“ noble Thoma, one of my predecessors,
“ of poorness of spirit ?”

Thus foolishly did I appropriate to my own private case the motives which actuated infidels, pride and rash despair.— And what preserved me in the moment of temptation and trial ?—Gracious Heaven ! methinks I feel more strongly than ever the consequence of thy interference.

Lestock, too, though not a victim of passion, will, it is likely, be that of avarice. Since the heir of his late master, (the remains of whose shattered fortune added to many unjust accumulations from the same source,) has not only sued him for those remains, and obtained a verdict in his favour, but now means to commence a prosecution against this wicked steward for many sums as yet unaccounted for. Again I repeat, his unfortunate daughter shall not be neglected. Berisford did an act of justice, in returning the promise extorted

torted from my credulity, nor can she be hurt by it, since, with the loss of my father's kingdom, fell the means of the support she hoped to partake.

Miss Hamilton, who accompanied her beloved—I am encouraged to say *my* beloved Mary Ann to Ripley, recognised, in the confused repenting Adolphus, her favoured friend and *protégée*, and humanely pitied, while she endeavoured to lend dignity to, the debasement his errors had occasioned.

“ My pupil (said Mr. Hawkins, with a
 “ tender smile) claims a right to Miss Ha-
 “ milton's generous allowance. He has
 “ suffered severely; and, though so young,
 “ already feels the importance of the doc-
 “ trine that this world is a state of tempta-
 “ tion: nay, he has proved it to be a situ-
 “ ation open to sorrow, disappointment,
 “ and mortification.—Delighted with the
 “ brilliance of every opening prospect, ex-
 “ pecting youth is too apt to press on
 “ to

“ to scenes more flattering beyond ; flight-
 “ ing even the possession of health, inno-
 “ cence, and honour, when it is only
 “ through the bright medium of these he
 “ can perceive the charming views.—
 “ But, remove the magnifying optic, strip
 “ him of those juvenile, those attracting
 “ virtues, too late he finds thick gloomy
 “ darkness close his glowing hopes ; and,
 “ though the first of those valuable requi-
 “ sites remains, it only enables him to
 “ relish perhaps the dissipation his better
 “ reason would reject. Not so our young
 “ friend.—*He* has retreated with credit,
 “ and, by his candid ingenuous repent-
 “ ance, gives the best security for the fu-
 “ ture. — Forgive me, Adolphus ; that
 “ blush upbraids my indelicacy in advert-
 “ ing to the humiliating recollection. And
 “ yet there is one more trial for your sen-
 “ sibility remaining.—Miss Lestock —(I
 “ started,) has written to Miss St. Leger.
 “ The letter is in my possession.—It is ne-
 “ cessary

“cessary you should see it. She is generous.

“—I am sure you are too warm an advo-

“cate for virtue not to admire it in the

“most homely garb.—The poor girl

“must not be given up.”

“Given up, sir!—What means Mr.
“Hawkins?”

“Not to distress you, Adolphus.”

“You do distress me greatly, sir. In
“this presence, even to mention Miss
“Lestock is an injury—”

“To no one present, (interrupted the
“gentle Mary Ann.) That young woman
“is to be pitied.—Will you not forgive
“her, when I acknowledge that the very
“letter my uncle hints at removed every
“prejudice I had conceived against your
“conduct? Come, madam, we will with-
“draw, [to Miss Hamilton,] while Adol-
“phus runs over the effusions of a heart
“not totally corrupted.”

What an angel is this!—How noble,
how disinterested!—It was some mi-

nutes before I could attend to Mr. Hawkins's request to open the mysterious letter. —The struggles of my soul, the effervescence of gratitude, almost stifled articulation. But, when I read the unfortunate woman's confession, what contrary feelings agitated my bosom!—Pity, self-reproach, abhorrence, I had almost said, even for the dead, I have no doubt, gave my countenance the most horrible expression, for my father, who entered while I was thus awfully engaged, exclaimed, "Adolphus!" — "My son! Wherefore this change?" — "What has distressed you?"

"The consequence of my own errors, dear sir. But give me a moment's leisure, I am only paying the debt of contrition."

He passed his handkerchief over his face, and left me to my sad employment.

SARAH

SARAH LESTOCK *to Miss St. Leger.*

IF I had not been encouraged by Miss St. Leger's general character for charity, and pity for the misfortunes even of the most culpable, I had not dared to solicit her attention to the situation of an unhappy girl, who, even in the moment of confession, feels the keenest remorse for the treachery practised against the benevolent lady she ventures to address.

I will not hurt your delicacy by any *unnecessary* reference to my connections with the wretched Berisford, or shock your exalted notions of filial duty in the accusation of a parent; but, when the facts are plainly stated, the arts discovered by which I was made miserable, who shall exculpate the father or the betrayer?—For oh! madam, I soon lost the approbation of an approving conscience,

N 2

—soon

— soon found myself reduced to connive at the treachery by which I had fallen.— At full liberty to enjoy the society most pernicious to retired modesty, enabled by my father to make a greater appearance than our finances could support, unawed by any internal restraint, and pleased with the addresses of a man of fortune, I fell.— Berisford deceived me.— I said I would be explicit.— I intended to state facts as they progressively happened; but it will not do.— It may be sufficient to say, I was *lost*.— A daily witness to Berisford's extravagance, and too clear sighted to a parent's iniquitous proceedings, I was unhappy but not convinced;— thoughtful, but unable, perhaps unwilling, to avoid any mode of extrication.— At this period, my seducer became intimate with the African prince. “He is a prize (said “that vile man) worth looking after.”— My father was instructed, — pretended poverty; — was under an arrest. — The
gene-

generous Adolphus, instigated by his friend, made a critical visit, and we rioted in the spoils of his benevolence.

Another scheme was planned.—“ You must love this credulous being,” observed my paramour.—Alas! what duplicity!—False tears, feigned distress, pretended illness, nay even threats to put an end to my existence, could not engage that noble heart, which, unused to disguise, I well knew, palpitated with the purest affection for Miss St. Leger.—But what the inflexible principles of justice and real love refused, he granted to pity and friendship, and the promise I received was blotted with the tear of regret.—Inflated with vanity, I forgot my caution,—and saw the abused youth no more.—Alas! alas! I have since heard he is *indeed* no more.—I thought to have asked his forgiveness, — confessed my crimes, and Oh! madam, is it indeed true?—Then have have you lost the worthiest, gentlest, and most benefi-

cent, of human beings!—And *I*, wretched woman, have contributed to your unhappiness.—How then can you forgive me?—How can I presume to solicit your pardon?—And yet—my father, it is true has received me; but, since Mr. Berisford's shocking catastrophe, he is become penurious; denies me,—I blush to say,—denies me the necessaries of life. But there may be a reason.—And now what shall I say? . . . Let pity, let benevolence, supply the rest.

S. LESTOCK.

Pity and benevolence did *indeed* supply the rest, — for all she was supposed to have requested was immediately granted, and my dear friends have united in settling a decent competency on her, but they leave her father to the fate he so truly deserves.

The

The general paid a friendly tribute to the memory of an honest old soldier who had served him from earliest youth, and whose attention to my Miss St. Leger had rendered him dear to every friend of this noble family.

And can it be?—Am I indeed allowed to look with confidence to the future hope of passing my days with—Oh! my exulting soul!—with the sweetest of women?—Dear, modest, engaging, creature!—She listens to my humble confession of past follies—to my ardent petition for returning favour, founded but upon an amendment of conduct, and with a mild encouraging countenance, she refers me to her father.

“I am happy, (she says,) Adolphus, “in my present situation; happy in the “acquisition of a parent and adviser; “happy in the enjoyment of friends and “relatives.”

“ It will be your own fault, Adolphus,”
 (interrupted the general, before whom I
 had been so explicit,) “ if you do not give,
 “ in your own person, the last mentioned
 “ title to that of husband to Mary Ann
 “ St. Leger.”

He left us, confused and silent, but re-
 turning immediately with my father,—
 “ Come, (said he,) noble Zimza, let us
 “ unite in giving our children the best
 “ claim to domestic felicity. Take the
 “ consent of a man, my young friend,
 “ who would have denied her even to *you*,
 “ was there a prospect of finding another
 “ so replete with virtuous propensities.”

The entrance of Mr. Hamilton and his
 sister interrupted the expression of grati-
 tude, and, while they congratulated us
 upon our intended alliance, gave a wel-
 come relief to my heart, which was almost
 bursting to express its different feelings.

With

With a deep sigh, my father arose; and, in a tone serene, deep, and full, his attitude collected, his countenance strikingly majestic,—“ I once (said he) had
 “ given up every expectation but that of
 “ passing the remnant of a short existence
 “ in slavery, which, however softened by
 “ the most humane attention to my situation, still was *slavery*. At another
 “ time, I looked forward, with trembling
 “ delight, to the moment which, by the
 “ slowest of deaths, that of fasting, would
 “ free my soul, impatient of the indignities it suffered. But, while anticipating
 “ the wished-for deliverance, freedom
 “ came in a form the most pleasing, conferred by a child and friend.—To that
 “ friend I owe the highest earthly obligation for the protection and happiness of
 “ that beloved child; whose hand, after
 “ he has taken the projected tour of Europe, I ardently wish to see accepted by
 “ the

" the object of his earliest affection. Had
 " ingratitude and rebellion confined their
 " influence to polished courts, Tonouwah
 " had not rejected and betrayed its lawful
 " sovereign, nor had the son of a king
 " been indebted solely to his own virtues
 " for an establishment to which I can add
 " no temporal advantages. For Zimza,
 " whose ancestors eat the bread of free-
 " dom, who launched the powerful
 " weapon at their opponents, and who
 " were obeyed in silent awe by their nu-
 " merous subjects, now, banished and pro-
 " scribed, no longer appropriates the
 " claims of royalty to his disappointed
 " successor. Poor and deposed, my
 " alliance can confer no hereditary
 " dignity, no worldly greatness. — But,
 " though deprived of every brilliant
 " recommendation, though the outward
 " glare of wealth distinguishes not my
 " appearance, yet is Zimza's soul, that
 " superior principle which actuates the
 " human frame, still the same.—And
 " may

“ may that spirit of independence and
“ probity, which, I trust, no earthly mor-
“ tification can ever subdue, descend un-
“ sullied to his son.—To him I shall not
“ cease occasionally to enforce the practice
“ of every moral every Christian virtue.
“ — Yes, Adolphus, I would see thee
“ more than a brave, more than a gene-
“ rous, more than a polite,—I would see
“ thee a GOOD MAN. I would see in
“ thy conduct every grace united.—And
“ oh! when thou reflectest on the depo-
“ sition of thy parent and thy own loss
“ of temporal honours, let it make thee
“ still more tenacious of the rights of
“ sovereignty, should they ever be attacked
“ in the person of the monarch under
“ whose gentle auspices so many blessings
“ are enjoyed; particularly the very
“ essence of that freedom, to obtain
“ which, in a neighbouring nation, so
“ many horrid massacres, barbarous as-
“ sassinations,

“ assassinations, and unjust decrees, have
“ already rendered a once arbitrary go-
“ verment still more so by the means
“ employed to suppress it. My soul disdains
“ the wretches who, while grasping at the
“ shadow, are losing the reality; as if the
“ rights of man consisted merely in obtain-
“ ing power to destroy each other; where,
“ instead of altering, they attempt to an-
“ nihilate.”

“ Fear not, Zimza, (interrupted Mr.
“ Hamilton.) The best barrier a king
“ can boast is the lively affection of his
“ subjects, grounded upon, and streng-
“ thened by, his own estimable qualities.
“ —Nothing can force an entrenchment
“ so powerful. — By supporting his mo-
“ narch an Englishman secures his own
“ freedom.—The safety of the king is
“ the basis of his own, on which he
“ builds the strongest claims to honour,
“ wealth, and peace. — Under the
“ quiet regulations of a protestant mo-
“ narchical government, commerce flour-
“ ishes

“ riches, arts are encouraged, science rears
“ her head, and there is no room for
“ complaint, unless we allow it to a few
“ discontented mortals, who, hoping to
“ glean the spoils of successful faction,
“ peep from their shells, and, like the
“ groveling snail, fastening on the fairest
“ fruit, vainly attempt to spoil the noble
“ produce they cannot destroy. But their
“ dirty track shall be pursued, while,
“ crushed by the hand they have pro-
“ voked, they will lament too late the
“ ruin they have deserved.”

“ I have listened impatiently (said the
“ general) to the noble Zimza’s delicate
“ reference to his own degraded situation.
“ My good friend, will you permit me to
“ say it is a reflection upon me, who
“ would boast of your alliance, had you
“ never possessed a kingdom.—We wish
“ neither for titles nor riches.—Had we
“ more, we should only multiply the ap-
“ pendages

“pendages to luxury; had we less, we
“should still have enough.”

My father was affected.—“Yes, (he
“cried,) I was wrong.—Mistaken grati-
“tude urged the confession, and I will
“yield in point of true greatness even to
“a European.—And now to thee, (turn-
“ing to Mr. Hamilton,) to thee, the
“former guardian, and to thee, (to Mr.
“Hawkins,) the revered tutor of my
“son, my soul is drawn by the most af-
“fectionate sympathy; while the good-
“ness of the amiable Miss Hamilton fills
“me with the idea of female wisdom
“personified. — And oh! mayest thou,
“sweet Mary Ann, (to Miss St. Leger,
“who just then entered with her friend,)
“who art the produce of a noble stock,
“be ever sheltered from a rude world,
“which once had nearly sullied the tender
“foliage of innocence.”

I know

I know not whether a description of these effusions of the heart will atone for my liberty in tasking my good L'Heureux's important moments, but the following little anecdote may perhaps be a fresh demand on his patience. Sambo, who, since my arrival, has scarcely articulated an unimpassioned sentence, entered my chamber, last night, with an uncommonly pensive air. Upon looking up, I discovered he had been in tears. "What now, Sambo? (I cried,) you seem afflicted?"

"Me—sad—Yes."

"I do not wish to see you sad.—Tell me the cause."

"No, you will be angry.—And yet—
"and yet—*Pon my soul*, me can't help it."

"In tears again?" I was alarmed; but, looking stern, "What means the cowardly puppy? Will you never get the better of this ridiculous weakness?"

"O

“O massa, when you cry, Sambo was
“forry.—He cry much.—But now you
“be so happy, poor Sambo may go.”

I was ashamed. The accusation was too
just. — “Tell me, then, (said I, more
“mildly,) what is the matter. I will
“not be angry.—Perhaps you wish to go
“home.”

“No ;—no ;—But me have seen your
“wife.”

“My wife !—Villain !”

“There now ; what have me done ?
“Oh ! poor Miss Lettock !—She see me
“to-day ; so she cry, and pray for you—
“and your other wife.”

There was no explaining the affair to
Sambo, who seems to think but little of
the *legal* ties of marriage. Indeed, his at-
tachment and constancy to Omra was
mere matter of accident. Had he seen
one he could have liked as well, Omra
would have shared but part of his affec-
tions

tions. He now proceeded to tell me that, crossing St. James's Park, towards evening, he heard a young woman feebly attempting to call after him; and, when he stopped, she took him by the hand, and, bursting into tears, asked him if his master were *really* dead.—That his answer had such an effect she was near fainting.—He supported her to a seat, and, when she recovered, her joy was excessive.—That she looked extremely ill, but said, “ Now she “ should be happy.—She wanted for nothing but peace of mind, and now she “ did not despair of obtaining that.”

She spoke, if I may judge from his broken expressions, in the highest terms of the family in Finsbury-Square; and, when she was about to go, fell upon her knees, praying for blessings upon us all.—Her father, she said, was in prison, and, but for her assistance, would be in the wretchedest indigence.

Sambo concluded with begging me not to be angry. "But indeed,—indeed, "—(said he,) she so cry my heart did "cry too."

Unhappy girl!—I fear, nay, I am too well assured, my own conduct in that affair was reprehensible.—Nor was my extreme youth any excuse for actions committed without the sanction of those whose tender care and cautious prudence would have been more than equal to the chicanery and arts by which I blindly fell.—Unhappy girl! I repeat. Shall a poor unenlightened Indian sanctify thy misfortunes with tears of pity, and shall I, who was once engaged to protect, harden my heart against thee? No.—Sambo shall teach me the lesson of humanity, and even the culpable parent for his daughter's sake shall be relieved.

My amiable Mary has heard Sambo's artless tale; and when to that I added my own sense of this affair,—“Yes, Adolphus,

“ thus, (she said,) the father must be as-
 “ fisted, that his daughter may reap the
 “ fruits of those benefits her little esta-
 “ blishment allows. - You have nothing
 “ to do in this business. Miss Hamilton
 “ and myself will arrange it, and I doubt
 “ not but you will find it settled to your
 “ satisfaction.”

When gentleness and benevolence are united with beauty, what heart can resist the forcible attraction! How confidently delicate! And with what noble compassion does this inestimable creature seek as it were to restore to me my own good opinion! Oh! that I had never forfeited it.—However, one good effect may flow from my defection. The shock self-love has sustained will lessen that presumption which had set itself even above temptation. . . .

We are already preparing to leave England. My father resolves never to quit his favoured son, and proposes to reach

Italy by the way of Leghorn, as the troubles of your unhappy country render travelling through it both melancholy and inconvenient, if not highly dangerous.

As I have glanced upon the awful subject, permit me, dear sir, to offer my fervent wishes for its recovered tranquility, torn and embroiled as it is, not only by foreign invaders, but by still more cruel destroyers, who at first sought only perhaps to repair the errors of a faulty building, not considering how much they would weaken the foundation by taking away the damaged supporters, and placing others, equally unsound, in their room. May you, my worthy friend, escape the ruin in which such destruction may probably involve those who can hardly determine whether the success of either party shall produce a blessing or a curse. . . .

We have this day received a most pleasing addition to our party.—Mr. Sealy, whose

whose name and character is not unknown to you, is just arrived from Bath, to give pleasure to all who know his worth. — The general, before he was announced, recognised in him a long absent and affectionate companion. — His grateful remembrance of the almost parental services that gentleman had rendered his daughter, was delivered with a concise and elegant energy. — My father says, “had *he* been “obliged to serve a European, Mr. Sealy “would have stood next Mr. St. Leger in “his election of a master.” — Such a letter of recommendation is the countenance, when supported by an open liberal manner.

With the most humane attention has Mr. Sealy visited the forlorn Mrs. Abrams, of whom you have heard me make (shall I say, *honourable?*) mention. — She was extremely shocked to see the father of her late ward, for the general accompanied his friend,

and began to weep profusely.—But her tears were soon stopped, when she found herself enabled, by the good merchant's generous interposition, to look forward to better hopes than her late darkened prospects had admitted.

“ But indeed, (said she,) Mr. *Seeler*,
 “ (with a renewed sob,) I have been very
 “ much deceived,—ay, and abused too,—
 “ by them there *runners*. It's a sad thing,
 “ Mr. *Seeler*, to be reduced, one do'n't
 “ know why or wherefore.—Here I used
 “ to have a coach at command, as one
 “ may say, and a servant in livery; and
 “ now—to be stripped of every thing. For
 “ they did'n't leave me so much as a da-
 “ mask window-curtain.”

My friend waved the subject, and left her tolerably composed.

“ I cannot but feel, (said Miss St. Le-
 “ ger, when she heard of the poor wo-
 “ man's ignorant if not artful complaints,)
 “ for

“ for Mrs. Abrams, who has no resource,
 “ in the day of distress, but self-commi-
 “ seration. Though Miss Hamilton’s
 “ stronger mind rejects a pity which, in
 “ this case, she argues, grounds its mo-
 “ tives only on the claims of necessary
 “ mortification, and very properly urges
 “ the service her disappointment may pro-
 “ duce to a spirit inflated by criminal
 “ prosperity, nor doubts but she stands
 “ a greater chance of tranquility in the
 “ expectations of a spare mediocrity, than
 “ while she was subject to the perpetual
 “ alarms arising from even the remotest
 “ view of danger to her late illegal pos-
 “ sessions. Here a decision so just supercedes
 “ the operation of ill-grounded tender-
 “ ness, and establishes the superiority of
 “ judgement to that of the most laudable
 “ passion.—But still, where the defect is
 “ congenial, as I may call it, weak minds,
 “ like mine, can hardly avoid embracing
 “ the errors it may induce.” . . .

What amiable sophistry! One can hardly blame its tendency, which evidently leads to a wish for the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

Who, my friend, can think with patience of the long separation so speedily to take place, that is permitted to indulge the charming though protracted hope of passing his future days with such a gentle, lovely, sensible, partner. Adolphus, where is thy rashness, thy impetuosity? In the cause of a friend they were exerted almost to thy destruction; but now, when the exertion would be praise-worthy, how cold, how tame, how submissive!—When the ocean formed a tremendous barrier between us, my soul burnt to lessen the distance, though unknowing what fate was preparing.—And shall the certainty of expected felicity chill the glow of ardent love? When, impelled by a spark of that impetuosity, I venture to express my sentiments,

timents, the blushing Mary, with an averted countenance, expatiates on the advantages of a foreign tour; and, when I would paint the sweet scenes of domestic peace, she adverts to the gratification of masculine curiosity in a view of the Roman antiquities, the rarities of the Florentine gallery, and the contemplation of the majestic Pyrenees, stupendous Alps, or lonely Appennines. Thus prudently counteracting the ebullition of fervent passion.—I would apply to Mr. Hawkins, but *he* too is *prudent*. Oh! this European—what must I call it,—*virtue*? And wouldst thou, Adolphus, so lately liberated from the worst of slavery, that of the passions, militate against whatever bears the appearance of goodness? Is there no middle station for this cold phlegmatic local deity? for I am sure it never extended its influence beyond Europe.—No.—Well, then *virtue* be it.—And, after all, it must be so, or would Mary Ann suffer it to influence every

every word and action?—To-morrow,—oh! my friend,—to-morrow we once more quit this hospitable land.—Adieu, ever kind and generous L'Heureux.

Conclusion of the Letter by ZIMZA.

Amidst the numerous protectors my son has met with, the good L'Heureux claims a sacred remembrance.—May his heart be largely gratified in the power of doing acts of beneficence, and may he be equally rewarded, by every object of his pity and sympathy, by consequences as great as those we now rejoice in.—The accomplishment of these wishes will be the best return his noble soul can receive. Perhaps you will wonder at the apparent delight I take in acknowledging a sense of obligation to the people, to whom thou mayest suppose my mind has long borne a rivetted hatred; but even Zimza can retract,

tract, when conviction requires it; and, though no circumstances, no situation, can palliate what in itself is bad, at least in the eye of integrity, yet prejudice shall never warp the liberal soul. For which reason, I would just advert to a subject, the discussion of which may clear my character from the imputation of partiality or a too hasty conclusion.

If I have reprobated vices that have brought evils upon so many of the human race; if I have supposed Europe to be the seat of local crimes, because the fruit of those crimes extended more particularly to the wretched Africans; let not this mistake, I beseech thee, extend to the exclusion of every just, every generous, sentiment. I have seen enough to make me retract every national resentment; enough to execrate even those from whom I had reason to expect duty, protection, and love. For, if all duties are reciprocal, what is not due to a king who ever possessed a decided affection

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tion for the people he was sent to govern? But I have met with a shocking return, and can truly charge my countrymen with unprovoked, though, sad to say, *not* unprecedented, barbarities, and stand a melancholy instance of their treachery and ingratitude. — Yet, putting my own case out of the question, does it follow, because these Africans fight, take captives, and set up a traffic unnatural and illegal, that Europeans are to be the purchasers? Will it obtain, with the consistent part of mankind, that such an arbitrary system is to be supported, or rather countenanced, by European tyranny? Needless is the mention of principles like these to L'Heureux, but I cannot help asking thy nation, or any body of people concerned in this trade, if they would be more passive, more gentle, were the negroes situation theirs? Our people must undoubtedly labour for their subsistence; but who is there that would not, were it possible, endure

ten times the weight of voluntary burthen, rather than of that which is constrained?

When, in England and Africa, I have contemplated the athletic sports of youth, "Surely, (said I,) free-will enables one
"to do much. How many of these ac-
"tive young ones would sink under the
"idea of being *obliged* to labour equal to
"this exercise! proving the hypothesis I
"would establish, that, were even the ne-
"groes under less severe restrictions, or
"could they be engaged on terms more
"gentle, much of these complaints would
"be done away."

We are told that none but slaves *can* do the work, because none but them can bear the *heat*. Now, then, if heat enervates stronger men, even to rendering them feeble as the negroes, still they are upon an equality; and, if the former, under these circumstances, can do as much, wherefore the necessity of urging creatures to an exertion which fullness
and

and a sense of unjust treatment makes so extremely painful? —Thou seest, and wilt perhaps say, I argue like an African; but is there not reason in my argument?

It is true, *I* have been nobly treated by the only master I ever acknowledged; and, even in the moments of deep dejection, offended pride, and meditated vengeance, never suffered my soul to breathe a thought of revenge against him. And doubtless there are many of my countrymen distinguished by the same humanity; for all masters are not merciless.—But does it follow that *all* slaves experience such indulgence? — Power is a dangerous thing; fascinatingly sweet, and too often urges the possessor to actions which to his cooler reason must appear culpable.— One thing more I am well aware of; we are represented, in general, as proud, sul-
len, obstinate, and even savage. It is said, our sovereigns encourage their subjects to
war,

war, merely for the advantage of selling their unfortunate captives; particularly a prince *Abbo*, who is much enraged with the English, for endeavouring to stop a traffic which has hitherto proved so lucrative to him. These latter assertions, I fear, are too true. But let me ask, how can a poor creature, who is ignorant of the language of his purchasers, ignorant of the true reason for which he is enslaved, and possessed of the idea of suffering the death from others he knew must be his lot if kept in Africa;—how, I say, is such a one to express his feelings?—Taught, perhaps, that complaint would be below him as a man, and imbibing from his predecessors a love of revenge and the most dreadful retaliation, his dignity takes shelter in obstinacy.—His feelings absorbed in the contemplation of future retribution, he scorns the inflictors of punishment which pride considers as disgraceful, and
he

he meditates a savage retaliation, should fate give him the power of realising it.— Oh! that Zimza may live to see a more moderate conduct take place! And earnestly does he pray, that a similarity of principle, a coincidence of sentiment, a harmony of opinions, and a general knowledge and observance of the tenets of the Christian religion, may soon pervade the farthest corners of the habitable globe.—Nor can he conclude without joining his Adolphus in wishing peace and unanimity to thy distracted nation.

Adieu, friendly L'Heureux. Accept, we entreat thee, the united esteem and respect of our little society, who derive real happiness from the valuable consideration that on thy felicity they ground their own.

ZIMZA and ADOLPHUS.

Miss

Miss ST. LEGER to Miss HAMILTON.

Abbeville.

WE have, my dear madam, bid a long adieu to your favourites, after accompanying them to Abbeville, beyond which it would be imprudent to pass towards the metropolis.—Zimza has altered his plan, and means, if uninterrupted, to coast it to Brest (as he wishes to pass through Normandy) and take shipping for Leghorn.—Of course, we shall return to Calais; and with a pleasure, which I hope you will not attribute to cowardice, I shall embark for peaceful England.—Poor Adolphus!—We all felt for him.—“ You will not (said his father, rather sternly) degrade yourself in the estimation of a tender female.”

He looked at me.—I smothered a tear, but he saw it.—“ It is enough, (cried the worthy youth,) that tear was shed for me, and I am satisfied.”

I smiled.—“That tear, Adolphus, is
“due to friendship.”

“To friendship only, and none to
“love?”

“Nonsense!—In our situation the terms
“are synonymous.”

“Methinks I could controvert that ar-
“gument.”

“Not now, my friend; let it be a sub-
“jest of future correspondence.”—He
acquiesced.—The chaise drew up; I would
have retired; but Zimza, with the affec-
tion of a parent, caught my hand.—
“Adieu, my child.—Adieu, (he re-
“peated,) sweet object of my Adolphus’s
“tendereſt love.” And then, looking at
my father and, giving the hand he held to
his son, — “General, you confirm this
“gift?”

“With all my soul,” answered my
parent.

“Brother Hawkins, add *your* sanction.”
The dear old man could not speak, but
clasped his children in his aged arms—and
— we parted.

I could not trust myself to look after the chaise, for the last words of my faithful Adolphus had nearly overpowered me.—
“I leave you, (said he;) but my fore-
“boding heart taxes me with cruelty in so
“doing.—Nay, it whispers we part for
“ever!”

Foolish, to dwell with painful regret upon effusions of impetuous passion! But the *last* words of a friend will leave disagreeable impressions.

Treason! — Prisons! — Perhaps death! — Are these the fruits of all my brighter prospects? — Distraction. — Who has blighted the fair fond hope I cherished of soothing the declining days of a beloved father? Of lightening the sorrows which anxious retrospection might sometimes induce? — Adolphus, Zimza, happy in each other's society, ye know not the pangs which tear a daughter's apprehensive heart. Dear revered sufferer. — Precious gift of heaven! Restored, as I thought,

in *pity* to a mourning orphan, so soon torn from these arms!—For alas, I could not hold him.—What had he done to be thus ignominiously treated?—What could he now do, admitting his principles militated against the present powers of France?—Amenable to laws he attempted not to controvert, and carefully keeping among these suspicious people his opinions to himself, wherefore this infringement on the rights and happiness of two individuals? *Two*, did I say?—*All* will lament the fate of the noble St. Leger.—The preserver of Adolphus, the friend of Zimza, is,—oh! my bursting bosom,—is the victim to some diabolic scheme, and the inmate of a place I shudder but to pass. . . .

Mr. HAWKINS in continuation.

IN pity to the agonising feelings of my poor niece, I will attempt an explanation of this dreadful mischief.—Dear frantic soul, how wildly she interrupted me!

THE TIMES.

213

me! “ I will *not* have patience, (she
“ cries.) Save my father — Oh! those
“ horrid walls, those tremendous gates,
“ must they form a part of Godfrey St.
“ Leger’s habitation?”

Sweet creature, her affecting lamentations pierce my soul. — The hospitable landlady (in this instance hospitable) has prevailed upon her to retire to her chamber, where she weeps, dries her eyes, then weeps again, but will neither lie down nor receive any nourishment. — Alas, madam, we thought ourselves perfectly safe at this distance from Paris. And undoubtedly should have been so, but from the effect of some deeply-hidden treachery which we cannot develope.

Yesterday, while waiting for chaises to convey us to Calais, we were informed none could just then be obtained, as they were employed in the service of couriers, who were engaged in carrying dispatches to different places, but that two were ex-

pected in the evening, which should certainly be reserved for us. This arrangement was by no means pleasing; added to which was a report, very suddenly propagated, that the people, in imitation of the Parisians, were determined to examine strangers as well as French, respecting their political sentiments.—Terrified and unhappy, my niece threw herself into her father's arms, claiming, by that expressive motion, his ineffectual protection. The general smiled—"What fears my Mary? (said he,) we are not emigrants. These people will not forfeit their well-known characteristic for humanity to strangers."

She shook her head.—"Ah! sir, but should yours or my uncle's principles be known."

Again he smiled.—"There is no danger, my love."

"True, (I added;) and, should your father be known, his situation in America

"rica

“rica would exonerate him from suspi-
“cion. For myself, they will hardly no-
“tice a poor old man.”

“I shall not, in that case, (said the ge-
“neral,) deny my present sentiments.
“When I fought abroad, it was to pre-
“serve my property. Even then my
“heart spoke in favour of monarchy;
“and, though I detest all arbitrary
“power, I am as much against *unprincipled*
“liberty.”

“Then, (said Mary Ann, in a trem-
“bling voice,) you will confess a disincli-
“nation—”

“Peace, my love; there is no danger.”—
His serious manner intimidated his daugh-
ter; but, soon recovering his usual cheer-
fulness, and every thing continuing quiet,
Mary’s spirits revived, though she could not
help uttering a wish for our safe arrival in
Finsbury-Square. It now grew dark.—
The chaises were again enquired for, and
again refused.—Supper was ordered, and,

when it came up, Mr. St. Leger asked the landlord if there was any prospect of our quitting Abbeville that night. The man fixed his eyes, with a ghastly stare, upon his interrogator, and said, there would be danger in the experiment. I suppose then we must sleep here. The fellow muttered something of "betters," in a surly accent, and left the room.

"Very extraordinary this," observed my brother.

"And no less mysterious," I answered.

We soon finished our light meal.—It grew late, when our servant entered in visible confusion. — Nay, I observed he trembled as he put the wine on the table. The general, equally quicksighted, demanded the cause of his agitation; and upon being informed the lower room was occupied by several armed men, he, mechanically as it were, started up, took down his sword, and, seizing a pistol, sat down again.

"Oh !

“ Oh! my father, (cried Mary Ann,)
“ we are lost.—What noise is that ?”

Joseph went to the door, and was met by seven of the national guard, headed by an officer, who commanded the general, on pain of immediate death, to surrender his arms.—Our dear girl rashly threw herself upon her knees before the men, her words by no means corresponding with her attitude. —“ You shall not touch his sacred person.—He has fought and bled in the cause of *liber’y*, what would you have more?”

The officer, mildly putting her by, advanced with his sword drawn.—“ You must (said he) submit. Provoke not my people to desperate measures.—I act by authority. You are accused of purposes inimical to our present government.”

“ It is false, (replied St. Leger,) my principles are well known. If you doubt them, let the certainty of my being
“ ing

“ing an Englishman convince you. I
 “love my liberty, and venerate my king.
 “—Had your boasted reformation been
 “grounded on motives sincere as mine,
 “the consequences would have been not
 “lawless anarchy, but a quiet well-go-
 “verned police.”

“Your words condemn you, proud
 “sir.—But, though we have no *Bastille* for
 “traitors, we have suitable punishments
 “for faults like yours.”

“Yes, well we know your boasted
 “power, signalised as it is in acts of vio-
 “lence, massacres, and vile assassinations.”

“My dearest brother, (I cried,) have
 “pity on your poor child. If we must
 “submit, let us do it quietly. It is in
 “vain to contend.—This is a stretch of
 “authority that a little time must explain.
 “We cannot be detained, unless in de-
 “fiance of the faith of nations.—See this
 “dear girl, convulsed and frantic!”

His noble soul was overcome.—Drop-
 ping

ping his arms, he knelt by her, as she lay in agonies on the floor, and, raising her from the ground, while big drops of anguish fell from his eyes, “ My sweet girl, “ (said he,) look up.—Your father is safe. “ —Revive, my beloved Mary.—Recline “ your precious face on a father’s bosom. “ —Well, sir, (resuming, in some degree, “ his former haughtiness,) are you satisfied?—Do you not enjoy this distress?”

“ You wrong me, sir, (said the officer.) “ I can feel for what I cannot relieve.— “ You are positively accused, by one of “ your country, of receiving emigrants, “ of corresponding with the aristocrats, “ and fomenting, by your pen, the broils “ of our unhappy nation. For this you “ are rendered amenable to our new law, “ and must be taken to Paris to be tried.”

“ To *Paris!*” cried the miserable daughter, raising her head, and then dropping it upon the tender father’s breast.

“ Monstrous! (said the general,) vile “ base

“base pretence! What villain has tra-
 “duced St. Leger’s unsullied fame?—But
 “no matter, I am ready.—Mary, my love,
 “I leave you but for a short time.—Bro-
 “ther, be careful of this drooping blos-
 “som.” He then gently placed her in a
 chair. She could not speak, but fixed her
 eyes upon his, and clasped his hands in
 hers, with such agonising sighs and groans
 as drew a tear from the officer, and excla-
 mations of pity from his men. But fruit-
 less were the emotions of these honest
 souls, they were obliged to perform their
 duty, and the dear child beheld her father
indeed, as she pathetically says, torn from
 her arms.

I must leave off. She is seeking me in
 every apartment.—“Perhaps (she says)
 “they have taken my uncle too.” But
 here she comes.—I will just add, the muni-
 cipal officer kindly promises the general
 shall not be removed for a week to come.
 Dear madam, tell our kind Mr. Hamilton

we anxiously hope, before that time is expired, we shall see him at Abbeville. Perhaps his superior mind may advert to the cause of this terrible mischief. Fly, then, dear and respected sir, to the relief of your poor friends, who, next to the Almighty, look to you for comfort and redress.—Could we but be admitted to the noble prisoner, my dear niece would be more composed, but he is indeed most strictly confined.—Adieu, good Miss Hamilton. Ever your most obedient and most unfortunate

RICHARD HAWKINS.

Ah! Miss Hamilton, will you not come to your desolate Mary Ann, who has no endearing female friend to soothe her sorrows?—Methinks, if you were with me, I could weep;—but now—oh! my uncle, do not chide me.—You are too kind,—kind even in your reproofs.—But come, dear lady, to the wretched

MARY ANN ST. LEGER.]

Rev.

Rev. RICHARD HAWKINS to A. HAMIL-
TON, *Esq.*

Abbeville.

THE week is expired and no intelligence from England.—My friend will be lost.—And my niece—wretched old man!

Why was my life preserved, my wants relieved, my heart gratified with the choicest blessings, but to behold myself reduced to a distress more horrid than words can express?—And is this the language of a Christian! Presumptuous mortal! kneel, tremble, and adore.—Yet, to see the situation of a once cheerful creature!—Bewildered, and almost insensible even to the poignancy of sorrow.—To know, that, in a few days more, the noble victim of concealed malice will most probably suffer an ignominious death. Alas, sir will not the terrible climax almost justify the exclamations
of

of despair?—But be calm, my impatient soul.—Sink not under trials so necessary to a state of frailty. Banish every selfish thought, and exert thy utmost efforts to console and assist the only relative who can claim thy services.

Continued by Mr. HAMILTON.

Abbeville.

IT is well for my dear sister that she listened to her brother's arguments against a scheme which her strong affection only could divest of its terrors. France is no longer the seat of gaiety and peace. But each mistrusts the principles of his neighbour, and malevolence gratifies itself at the small expence of greedily-devoured information. To such malevolence the general owes his present confinement; but the ostensible cause yet lies concealed, though he cannot long remain so.—The first examination takes place to-morrow, and I am encouraged to hope the unhappy prisoner will be spared the trouble and
danger

danger of a journey to Paris.—I have seen the municipal officer. He is a man of sense, politeness, and humanity. But all the information I can acquire respecting this treacherous business amounts only to the certainty, that there is a monster base enough to destroy the tranquility of a worthy helpless family; that he has given the fullest evidence respecting St Leger's sentiments, and even produced written testimonies of his correspondence with a refugee. Surely this violation of the privilege of a foreigner will be elucidated. I am all impatience for more satisfactory intelligence, and have turned over in my mind every possible occurrence that may lead to a fuller investigation. —Joseph, their servant, whom I have strictly interrogated, turns pale—hesitates—"Can't say" "he knows any thing of the matter." He is certainly culpable; but he can only be an agent. The principal yet lies deeply entrenched in his own detestable politics.

But

But all his cunning will be insufficient to carry on successfully his impious contrivances.

Villain! Villain!—Oh! Louisa, I was right in my suggestions; Joseph is gone; left the house at four o'clock, and it is supposed he is on the road to Paris.—The monster! Precious agent of such pernicious mischief.—How could I let him escape!—But, foolishly depending upon his apparent carelessness of detection, I have lost a certain clue to this horrid business.

I have seen the general.—A message was sent this morning importing, his examination would take place this day at three o'clock. I was punctual to the time, but the principal witness was withdrawn. I could hardly accept the apology made by the municipal officer for bringing on the cause sooner than was intended, but a multitude of business, added to the request of the evidence, was among

the reasons he gave. "However, sir, "said he,) you may see the gentleman," and immediately introduced me to St. Leger.

He took my hand. "What, (said he,) "are my *friends* too included in this vile "infringement on British freedom? Are "you, Hamilton, snared by this detestable "informer?"

"Patience, my dear sir, (said the officer.) We have no claim on this gentleman, but *you* are condemned by written evidence;" and then, to my utter astonishment, he produced a packet, addressed by Zimza and Adolphus to captain L'Heureux, in which their sentiments were freely expressed. But what had criminated the general was, some lines written by him in the envelope, freely censuring the present system of French liberty.—"See, "Hamilton, (said he, his eyes blazing "with indignation,) these letters, which "were given to Joseph for the purpose of putting

“ putting in the general-post, have, by
 “ some cursed accident, been preserved
 “ for my destruction !”

“ No accident, my friend.—Joseph is cer-
 “ tainly a villain, and moves by some se-
 “ cret spring.”

“ Is there a creature upon earth, (re-
 “ plied St. Leger,) to whom I can have
 “ given cause for revenge so diabolical ?”
 And then pausing, as if studying for an
 explanation, he suddenly exclaimed,—
 “ Joseph must be found.—Surely it cannot
 “ be inconsistent with their new laws to
 “ have the fellow examined, respecting the
 “ motives for this treachery.”

“ He *shall* be found, (said I,) if possible.
 “ But, to gain time, we must apply for li-
 “ berty to keep you at Abbeville.”

The officer shook his head, but promised
 to use his endeavours for that purpose.—
 The unhappy prisoner then adverted to
 the situation of his poor family. “ My

"child, sir, (said he,) may I not see my
"poor Mary?"

"I have already (he was answered)
"exceeded my authority in admitting
"your friend."

"If (I replied) you would save the life,
"and restore the senses of an innocent vir-
"gin, you will not, you cannot, refuse this
"request."

"Senses! Hamilton? Do not terrify
"me thus.—My lovely girl! Is she *in-*
"*deed* reduced by sorrow to a state so
"dreadful?—Now then I am conquered.
"Let them do what they please with a
"miserable wretch.—Oh! my child, my
"child!"

The officer turned aside his face, and,
in a faltering accent, gave me liberty to
conduct her to the prison. . . .

You will not expect me to particu-
larise the scene which shocked every suscep-
tible witness of a meeting so truly agoni-
sing.—It was with the utmost difficulty we
could separate the wretched pair.—But one
salutary

salutary consequence flowed from this expedient.—No longer stupid and insensible, the poor thing perfectly recovered her bewildered senses, and, with the most lively sorrow, pictured to me the shocking events of that evening which has plunged us all in such misery. I will send this letter off immediately, as I know how anxious you must be to hear from yours,

A. HAMILTON.

P.S. I have written a concise account of our situation to Zimza and Adolplus advising them to hasten from the French territories, as they were to wait at Rouen for our Letters.

General ST. LEGER to Mr. HAMILTON.

M. SOISSONS, acting from a liberality of sentiment extremely honourable to himself as well as advantageous to me, not only permits the use of my pen, but has actually, in consequence of some circumstances appearing favourable to my cause, in a second examination, obtained permission to keep me at Abbe-

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ville

ville another fortnight.—I was confronted again yesterday with the principal evidence, whose face, though familiar to me, I cannot identify; as part of his lower jaw and his left eye have been carried away by the contents of a pistol —He appeared much confused while interrogated respecting his knowledge of me; and, though he swore positively to my correspondence with an emigrant, as well as of being an ear witness to several reproachful expressions I had thrown out against French democracy, he chose not to ascertain *when* and *how* he became possessed of my papers; and this mystery, dear Hamilton, I burn to elucidate.

How is my sweet girl? Tell her a father wishes to express his love and tenderness personally.—But, above all, if possible, keep up her spirits. It cannot be that any part of my conduct should be amenable to justice. No doubt, then, but my innocence will soon be manifested,
and

and my confinement ended, unless the mobbish inflictors of vengeance should interfere.

Thus do I conjecture, argue, suppose, and yet remain in doubt. However, it is determined that this fellow shall be more strictly examined, his conduct scrutinized, and his connections in France brought forward. I have entreated to see my friends once more. But M. Soissons produces so many important reasons against this indulgence, that I must submit. Dear Hamilton, set every engine at work to find out my treacherous servant. Stupid I always thought him,—but he has made the most of a *knave's* propensity.

To my worthy brother, to my lovely child, commend the most affectionate remembrances, always including in them my ever respectable friend. Adieu.—Adieu,

GODFREY ST. LEGER.

ADOLPHUS to Miss HAMILTON.

Abbeville.

BUT for the few lines my guardian wrote, on his departure from England, general St.Leger had yet been in confinement, his daughter wretched, and her worthy uncle equally unhappy. Not a moment was lost in our return to Abbeville, and we arrived at the very period when the noble prisoner's third examination was commencing.—But I should first observe, that, stopping to change horses at Amiens, we were alarmed at the sight of Mr. St.Leger's valet, who, evidently confused at our appearance, darted into the house. A sudden suspicion passed through my mind, for which I could not ascertain the cause; but, instinctively as it were, I followed and caught him by the hand, as he was hastening through the passage. Conscious guilt threw him upon his knees,
while

while he exclaimed, "Forgive me, and
"I will confess."

"*Confess!* monster! (said my father,
"who was close behind,) is it to *you* then
"this horrid mischief is owing?"

He looked round confused and frightened, but spoke not.—However, we secured him, and brought him safely hither. —Before we could alight, Mr. Hawkins, perceiving whom we had in the chaise, exclaimed, "Oh! stop not an instant; fly to M. Soissons. The general is now, for the last time, under examination. Miss Leger is with her father." It was enough. We entered a kind of hall.—Joseph shrunk back, but we forced him forward. A man, who I afterwards found was the sole witness in this dirty business, seeing us approach, sunk into a chair, apparently overcome with terror.—Mr. Hamilton, who was present, seizing our prisoner, led him towards the evidence.

‘ Now

“ Now, then, (said he,) say, who is this fellow?”

“ Why, it is—”

“ Who?” said the general, trembling with agitation.

“ Why, that is Mr. Abrams.”

“ Yes, (said the villain, endeavouring to acquire fortitude,) I am Abrams, and am ready to suffer any punishment; though, to my last moment, I shall only lament the want of power to be revenged.”

Dear madam, I leave you to imagine the joy, wonder, and congratulation, which succeeded this discovery.—My beloved Mary fainting in her father's arms; Mr. Hawkins, who had followed us, piously adoring the providence which had thus signally interposed; — while M. Soissons, with ardent pleasure, was proceeding to interrogate Joseph, respecting his connections with Abrams; but the latter, with an air of insult, turning to the
general

general, said, "Your friend thought me
 " dead: but, though betrayed, pursued,
 " and accused, by my countrymen, I found
 " that mercy in foreigners which Mr. Ha-
 " milton denied, and *purchased* that report
 " of my death which, in consequence of
 " the wound my temerity had giveng, was
 " strongly believed, and sent him back to
 " England without his errand. Joseph is
 " a coward, but ought to be forgiven. He
 " knew not the motive that induced me to
 " renew the slight acquaintance I had
 " with him in London, for he was not
 " *always* a servant.—Mere accident threw
 " him in my way, on the evening of his ar-
 " rival at Abbeville, when he confessed
 " he had omitted, in his hurry, to carry
 " some letters to the post. I requested to
 " see them. They were directed in the
 " general's hand. I was astonished, but
 " took them, under the pretence of send-
 " ing them from Abbeville; and, after I
 " had gained every information respecting
 " the family he was with, left him, to
 " study revenge."

We

We were all attentive to his vile confession, and he continued.

“ The lines written in the cover I invented myself, and then brought them to the justice, who immediately ordered a guard to seize Mr. St. Leger.—Joseph, understanding I had been seen with the magistrate, grew suspicious; to keep him quiet, I terrified him with a dread of being accused as the cause of his master’s imprisonment; —and this I suppose induced him to go off.—It would have been infinitely more pleasing to me to have involved Mr. Hamilton in this business; but I knew that, in wounding the general, I should completely mortify his friends.”

My guardian smiled indignantly on the remorseless wretch, who was now silent; when M. Soissons, after ordering him to strict confinement, addressed himself to Mr. St. Leger.—“ You are now, sir, (said he,) no longer a prisoner. I am
ex-

“extremely sorry for partly contribu-
 “ting to your undeserved afflictions:
 “but zeal for the cause which has armed
 “all France must take the blame off my
 “conduct.—The liberty we contend for
 “blossoms sweetly in your nation.—I had
 “our mode of government been mild as
 “yours, the rights of royalty would have
 “been equally secure.—Go then, sir, and
 “enjoy with your friends the pure sunshine
 “of freedom; and pity, even though you
 “should condemn, those who, in the
 “turbulence of the tempest they have
 “raised, confound the innocent with the
 “guilty.”

Through my beloved Mary's entreaties,
 Joseph's liberty is restored.—But she can-
 not so far forgive the vile Abrams as to
 make him a subject of benevolent inter-
 cession. The law, which, in his case, will
 be very severe, is permitted to take its
 course.—I will only add, that my father
 obligingly permits me to attend this re-
 vered

238 S L A V E R Y : O R,

vered party to England, there to remain till quieter times shall invite us to make the protracted excursion. Judge then, dear lady, how happy this permission makes your faithful

ADOLPHUS ZIMZA.

P. S. All remembrances from friends are rendered unnecessary by the affectionate epistles which accompany this.

T H E E N D .



